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MEMOIRS OF THE BASTILLE.

Of this edition only 75 large-paper and 275 small-paper copies are printed for subscribers.

COLLECTANEA ADAMANTÆA.—IV.

MEMOIRS
OF
THE BASTILLE.

Translated from the French
OF THE CELEBRATED
MR. LINGUET,
WHO WAS IMPRISONED THERE FROM
SEPTEMBER 1780, TO MAY 1782.

Edited by
EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.

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MEMOIRS
OF THE
BASTILLE.

Containing a FULL EXPOSITION of the
MYSTERIOUS POLICY
AND
DESPOTIC OPPRESSION
OF THE
FRENCH GOVERNMENT,
In the INTERIOR ADMINISTRATION of
THAT STATE-PRISON.
Interspersed with a Variety of
CURIOUS ANECDOTES.

Non, mihi si voces centum sint, oraque centum
Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina possim. VIRG.

Translated from the FRENCH of
The Celebrated Mr. *LINGUET*,
Who was imprisoned there
From *September*, 1780, to *May* 1782.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY J. A. HUSBAND,
FOR
Messrs. H. and W. WHITESTONE, WILSON, MONCRIEFFE,
WALKER, BURNET, WHITE, EXSHAW, BYRNE,
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and PARKER.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.

Advertisement
BY THE
TRANSLATOR.

THIS work was wanting to the nomenclature of real *State-Crimes*; that is, of the sacrifices made by Despotism to the passions of its agents.

The Author, Mr. LINGUET, was for ten years one of the most distinguished Counsellors of the Parliament of *Paris*. He shone equally in oratory and composition. It has been remarked, that of a hundred and thirty Causes, all of them important, in which he had engaged during that period, he lost only nine. His enemies attributed this unparalleled success to the charms of his eloquence; his more candid judges, to the delicacy which directed him in the choice of his suits.

Whilst Mr. *Linguet* was thus displaying his

useful and active talents at the Bar, he employed himself likewise in the cultivation of *Polite Literature*, and *Philosophy*. The boldness of his principles, the novelty of his views, and too great a freedom in his examination of the systems established and the sects prevailing in *France*, made him powerful enemies, even in the Ministry, in that Country, where, as it is well known, there is at least as much cabal and party spirit as in our own; with this difference, that in *England* the objects are great, and the means public; whereas in *France* parties are formed and imbittered for trifles, and mystery presides over intrigue.

In the revolution which some years ago interrupted all judicial order in *France*, Mr. *Linguet*, having suffered, on the part of the Parliament of *Paris*, and, ultimately, on that of Government itself, those shocking injuries of which the particulars may be seen in a work which he published three years ago, (*) sought an asylum in England. He there undertook a periodical work, intitled *Annales, Politiques, Civiles, & Littéraires du* 18*eme Siécle*; which met with a very favourable reception throughout *Europe*.

* *Appel à la Postérité*, or the first volume of the Collection of Mr. *Linguet's* Works.

This had been preceded by a printed Letter to the Count *de Vergennes*, one of the *French* Ministers, with whom he had most cause to be dissatisfied. This letter has been considered by the critics as a striking monument of energy, eloquence, and candour. It was of such a nature as to leave a deep and lasting impression on the mind; and it was sufficiently evident that it has not failed of this effect.

At the approach of the rupture between *England* and *France*, Mr. *Linguet*, having quitted the former, through a patriotic delicacy which has been regretted, though not censured, by the *English*; and having persuaded himself, that on the *parole* of the Count *de Vergennes* he might go to *France* to prosecute his interests there; he was arrested, on the 27th of *September* 1780, by virtue of a *Lettre-de-cachet*, and conducted to the *Bastille*, where he remained full twenty months.

This work contains the history of his imprisonment, that of the proceedings of those Ministers who have been accomplices in it, and a description of the regimen of that infernal mansion, equally celebrated and dreaded, but at the same time as little known as it is formidable.

MEMOIRS
OF
THE BASTILLE.

PART I.*

London, Dec. 5, 1782.

I Am now in *England:* it is necessary to prove that my return hither has been a measure absolutely indispensable.—I am no longer at the *Bastille*: it is necessary to prove that I never deserved to be there. It is necessary to do more: to demonstrate that none have ever deserved it: the innocent, because they are innocent; the guilty, because they ought not to be convicted, judged, and punished, but according to the laws, and because at the

* I have been obliged to write many Notes, several of which are rather long. I have adopted the method of putting them at the end of the work in the form of Appendices, referring to them by corresponding figures. This method is less distracting to the Reader.

Bastille none of the laws are observed, or rather they are all violated; because there are no tortures, unless perhaps in the infernal regions, which will bear to be set in competition with those of the *Bastille*; and because, if the institution itself may in certain cases admit of justification, it is impossible, in any case whatever, to justify the *regimen* of it.—It is necessary to shew that this regimen, no less disgraceful than cruel, is equally repugnant to all the principles of justice and humanity, to the manners of the Nation, to the mildness which characterises the Royal House of *France*, and especially to the goodness, the equity of the Sovereign who at present fills the throne.

It is by this discussion that I am going to consecrate the renewal of my toils, my return to my painful career.

The two first articles seem to be merely personal, to concern none but myself. It will be seen however that they are inseparably connected with the third, and that they make an essential part of it. They form altogether a series of oppressions, a chain of iniquities and grievances, of which most assuredly very few instances are to be found since the History of Job.

Should I, in a word, be thought worthy to treat the last article, if I did not begin by clearing up the two others? Were I a mere miserable refugee, thirsting after vengeance, or a wretched criminal branded with the ignominy of a pardon, what weight would my claims, however urgent, carry with them?

But, after having seen the proofs of my innocence, the world will be more sensibly struck with the picture of those horrors from which that innocence has been insufficient to preserve me: their concern will still increase, when they reflect that there is not a *Frenchman*, nor even a Foreigner of those who visit the kingdom of *France*, who can assure himself that he shall not one day, in his own person experience those very horrors. The *Bastilles* of *France* have devoured, they are daily devouring, men of all ranks, and of all nations. At the avenues of these abysses (1) might well be engraven that memento which is sometimes seen inscribed to transitory readers on church-yard gates: *Hodie mihi, cras tibi!*

Who, in short, can promise himself that he shall escape that fate, from which the elevated rank of presumptive Heir to the Crown has not been sufficient to secure a *Louis* XII. nor their accumulated laurels a *Condé*, (2) or a *Luxemburg*; nor virtue, nor science, a *Sacy*, and so many others; nor the affected stateliness of the Long Robe, a *Pucelle*; nor the most important public services, a *La Bourdonnaie*; nor the right of nations so many *English*, *Germans*, *Italians*, *&c.* whose names, engraven in fits of despondent weariness on all parts of those fatal walls, form a kind of geographic picture equally diversified and alarming, &c.? It is then, if I may use the expression, the character of an epidemic disease, formidable to all mankind, that I am going here to delineate. Notwithstanding the prodigious number

of witnesses who have involuntarily visited these dungeons, the *minutiæ* of their interior are very little known: the Memoirs of *La Porte*, of *Gourville*, of *Mme. de Staël*, give little or no information; the whole tending only to prove a fact difficult to be conceived, that in their time this *Tartarus*, compared to what it is at present, was a kind of *Elysium*.

At that time the prisoners received visits, saw each other familiarly, and took their walks together: the Officers of the *Etat-Major* talked and eat with them; they were their comforters, no less than their guardians. *La Porte* speaks, in express terms, of the LIBERTIES OF THE BASTILLE; that is the name he gives to those alleviations which we have just mentioned, and which he and all his fellow-sufferers enjoyed.

And *La Porte* speaks of the reign of the Cardinal *de Richelieu: La Porte* was, of all men in the kingdom, the man the least to be treated with moderation. The relentless Minister was personally interested either in despotically wresting from him a valuable secret of which he was the confidant, or in vindictively tormenting him. The *Bastille* had therefore at that time no bitter potions of which he would not have drank, no tortures which he would not have undergone. Let his description be compared with mine. (3)

How has this increase of barbarities been effected? This I know not; but woeful experience has only too well assured me of its reality. Whilst the general manners seem in all

respects to tend rather to softness than to rigour; whilst the reigning Prince discovers no views but such as are benevolent; whilst the sufferings even of criminal convicts have been abated, in the common prisons, by lenient regulations which his orders have produced; the only solicitude at the *Bastille* is to multiply tortures for the affliction of the innocent. The atrociousness of cruelty has been enhanced in this, more than it has been diminished in the other prisons.

To reveal this inconceivable depravity is, under an equitable Prince, to render its reformation indispensable. Thus my last farewell to my country is an additional service which I shall render it; my last homage to the virtuous King who rules over it, will furnish him with a new occasion of doing that good, which constituting his delight, is the first object of his pursuit.

But is there no interdict, to prohibit the disclosure I am about to make? Can I without scruple treat the several subjects which I have engaged to discuss? Can I *in conscience* let the public into the secret of the terrible mysteries into which the 27th of September 1780 has initiated me?

The guardians of the *Bastille* have not indeed at their disposal the waters of *Lethe*, to cancel in the minds of their victims the remembrance of their cruelties; but they try to find a substitute for them. Despotism, which makes silence one of the torments of the *Bastille* during the period of confinement, endeavours to make a religious

duty of it at the termination of that period. Every *Jonas* cast forth from its jaws is compelled to SWEAR, *that he will never reveal, either directly or indirectly, a tittle of what he may have learnt or suffered there.*

It is a Magistrate in the habit apparently consecrated to justice, (4) it is men of the Military order, decorated with the external badge of an honourable service, (5) and of a life devoted to the defence of the citizens, who preside at this last act of an oppression of which they have been the instruments. Shewing the captive, half-revived, the door which alone can completely restore him to life, half-open, and ready instantly to close upon him again if he hesitates; they leave him no alternative, but those of silence, perjury, or death.

O ye well-informed of every Nation, rigid casuists who know what honour and delicacy prescribe, pronounce: Because my hands have been unjustly bound, must my pen be restrained too? Certainly not: with one united voice you decide, that the infraction of that scandalous engagement is no perjury; that it is the exaction, not the violation of it, which constitutes the guilt.

You have absolved the celebrated *Dillon* for having snapped the reins that had been fabricated by a religious Inquisition, which, having precisely the same principles as this political one, employs the same resources to bury the disgrace and the scandal of them. You are unanimous in

renewing, and rendering for ever sacred, that axiom, so dear to society, that axiom, which, once forgotten, would give too unlimited a scope to miscreants armed with power, "That the institution of an oath was intended to give stability to lawful conventions; to insure the observance of the laws; and not to defend, or assist in perpetuating, the abuses which infringe them."

SECTION I.

My Return to England *a measure of necessity.*

AFTER what had passed in 1777 between the Count de *Vergennes* and me, (6) that Minister was, of all the Politicians in Europe, the one with whom I ought to have had the least concern. However, at the approach of the rupture between *France* and *England*, in March 1778, reckoning upon the reputation which he had acquired for personal delicacy and private probity, I thought I might run the risk of writing to him, to communicate to him my unwillingness to remain in a country which was going to become the enemy of my own: I requested to be informed whether, on changing my residence upon so patriotic a principle, I might not have new persecutions to apprehend from the *French* Ministry. I concluded with these words:

" I am perfectly sensible that the present situa-
" tion of affairs will not permit me to indulge
" the hope of immediate reparation: but my
" heart would rest contented with that which the
" Public is making me, if, in transplanting myself,
" I could reckon on the enjoyment of repose; and
" I should reckon upon it *if I had your word of*
" *honour as a pledge.*

" You will pardon me, after my innocence has
" been well, perhaps too well proved, that I think
" it necessary to take this precaution for my
" safety: but such is the misfortune of my posi-
" tion; and I dare believe that you will not be
" displeased with me on this account. If I distrust
" the Ministry, you see what confidence I place in
" the Minister."

The 20th of the same month, the Count *de Vergennes* answered me in these terms, "You " communicated to me, Sir, &c. The Count *de* " *Maurepas*, to whom I have imparted it, *entirely* " *approves the resolution*; and he AUTHORISES me " to signify to you, that you may banish *all un-* " *easiness on this head.* . . . . I think, Sir, that " under this assurance you may take such steps as " you shall judge most convenient. *I would not* " *give it to you, if I did not absolutely consider it,* " *myself, as very certain.*"

The 7th of April following, I asked of the Count *de Vergennes* a further explanation; I made a further sacrifice, more painful perhaps, more

noble I can say with confidence, than even that of my residence. (7) The Count *de Vergennes*, the 23d, writes me for answer: "I have received, "Sir, your letter; upon which I can only confirm "to you what I have signified in my last, which "announces to you, as well on the part of the "Count *de Maurepas*, as on my own, an ENTIRE "SAFETY FOR YOUR PERSON in the new habita- "tion which you propose to yourself. I repeat "to you very cordially the assurance of it, and "that of *leaving it in your option to continue your* "*literary labours*; being well convinced that "neither the *King*, *Religion*, nor the *State*, will "be attacked therein."

Upon this safe-guard, solemn as we have just seen it, well authenticated, and totally unconditional, I quitted *England*. I settled at *Brussels*. I made several journeys to *France* in 1778 and 1779. I saw the Ministers. The *Annals* continued to have a circulation not less free than honourable; and I presume to say, that in no work which Literature has produced, have the *King*, *Religion*, and the *State*, been more scrupulously respected.

The 27th of Sept. 1780, however, having been inveigled to *Paris* by a series of treacherous artifices, some of which I shall instance elsewhere, I found myself arrested in broad day-light, and this with studied and complicated circumstances of ignominy; (8) plunged into dungeons which in appearance are destined exclusively for the enemies

of the *King*, or *Religion*, and of the *State*; and given up, in my person, in my honour, and in my fortune, to every indignity in which barbarous jailors, licentious calumniators, greedy prostitutes, and faithless agents, could indulge themselves.

At the expiration of twenty months, without any kind of mitigation, or explanation, my captivity apparently ended on the 19th of May 1782; when in reality it only assumed a different form. The Lieutenant-general of the Police of *Paris*, coming with great parade to announce to me that I was no longer a *prisoner*, signified to me that I was *exiled:* he delivered me an order which banished me to a little town at the distance of forty leagues from *Paris*, with a prohibition to depart from it ON PAIN OF DISOBEDIENCE.

Though they did not deign to be more explicit on the motive of my *exile* than on that of my *imprisonment*; though I had the greatest reason to believe that this recent blow was levelled by the Ministry, not by the King, I submitted to it without demur. I asked only two favours very simple: the one, permission to stay at *Paris*, at least till I should have recovered strength sufficient to remove from it, and have drawn what was necessary for my subsistence out of hands more than suspicious, which by strange manœuvres were become possessed of almost all my property; the other, to go to spend some days at *Brussels*, in order to put an end to the confusion which for two years past had been mouldering away the rest of my fortune.

I ought the rather to have hoped for a compliance with these two requests, as the disorder I had to remedy proceeded directly from the *French* Ministry. They had caused to be *ministerially* demanded at *Brussels*, in the name of the *King of France*, by the *Chargé-d'affaires* of *France*, (9) seconded by an Exempt of the Police of *Paris*, (10) and by a Deputy whom I shall elsewhere name (11) the remittance not only of *my papers*, but of *my money:* and what they did not carry away, they dissipated. They paid, at my expence, the travelling expences of the Under-minister, (12) of the Exempt in chief, of the Exempt *en second:* they paid a guard, whose service consisted in pillaging. under pretence of preserving: they paid the Officers of the country, eager to dispute with the foreign Officers the property of which they were despoiling me; and *French* injustice was lavish of my money towards the justice of *Brabant*.

Having, moreover, on the recovery of my existence, a new present to make to my country; having to give experimental proof of an invention extremely valuable; to realise, for public utility, a project I had devised for rendering the light subservient to a purpose yet unknown, and that at a time when my eyes were strangers to it; the confidence with which I expected the modification, nay the revocation of my exile, was certainly not ill-founded.

Curiosity procured me a short respite on the first point; and it was not left ungratified. I made the experiment; it succeeded. (13) That

very day, I received the injunction, *Depart for Rethel, and stir not thence*; though, in order to obtain permission to go to *Brussels*, I would have pledged myself, verbally, and in writing, to return immediately; though for a month past I had incessantly renewed the promise, already offered from the bottom of my tomb, not, as some of the public prints have had the weakness or the malignity to give out, *to write only in subserviency to the views of the* FRENCH *Ministry*, but absolutely not to write any more, if that were required of me; to shut myself up in total silence, provided that, in lieu of this sacrifice, the common rights of a Citizen at least were restored to me; (14) provided that, for consenting to remain useless to society, since that was exacted of me, they would cease to treat me more rigorously than so many men who are a burthen to it. I tempered, in short, these entreaties, and these offers, with a degree of meekness and submission, at which impartial men who were privy to my conduct were almost offended; and some of them were inclined to think, that at length my heart was subdued, or my understanding had given way, under the excess of misfortune.

They were mistaken: my conduct at this juncture differed not from that which I had observed on every other occasion of my life: I have never had recourse to measures calculated to attract the public eye, till I had tried every imaginable way of avoiding them.

And here it was not till I was left without a

shadow of doubt that a plan had been formed to embitter the rest of my days, to complete the destruction of every kind of resource which yet remained to me, in sequestering me alike from my friends and my concerns, that I at length determined on a step become indispensibly necessary.

Even then I listened to the scruples of a loyal subject, who respects the name of his Prince, in the very abuses which his Ministers dare to make of it. Returning to *Brussels*, I had at first no idea of seeking any other retreat. Though struck with horror at the devastation of my house, with indignation at the innumerable instances of meanness and infidelity committed by the Ministerial Agents who had flocked thither to treat my effects as my person had been treated at *Paris*; I contented myself with regretting my losses, and gathering together the wrecks of my fortune. My only wish was, to find some means of diverting my grief.

I had in contemplation a journey of several years: after having paid my homage at the feet of a Prince who gives such exemplary lessons of real greatness to all other Princes, and who restores to the throne of the *Cæsars* a degree of lustre with which it is long since any throne has been graced; my intention was to travel into *Italy*, to try to forget, in the study of the monuments of past ages, what I have suffered in the present.

This indirect method of acting in conformity to the views of the *French* Ministry was not however allowed me. I was informed by some faithful

friend, that not to have piqued myself on an obedience perfectly literal, was with them no venial offence; and that by ambuscades prepared on my way, the road to *Italy* would, to me, infallibly become the road back to the *Bastille*.

As I received this intelligence from the same hand which had forewarned me of the *first Lettre-de-cachet* (for such warning I had received, though I had refused to listen to it) I thought it not prudent to brave a second. Between these Ministerial boons and me I have placed a barrier too wide for them to clear. My real protectors, those who have contributed to my safety, will doubtless not be displeased that I have taken effectual precautions to preserve the fruit of their kindness. If there are others who consider those precautions with resentment, by that very resentment they prove their necessity.

I would ask now of all honest and impartial men, What could I have done, which I have not done? What have I done, which I have not been obliged to do?

Let them deign to reflect a moment on the circumstances which have accompanied and followed the restitution of my liberty. What! to the order for my departure from *Paris*, where I had business of the last emergency, subjoin another, prohibiting me from going to *Brussels*, where concerns not less important demanded my presence! The only answer to the prayers, the offers, the very humiliations, by which I hoped to obtain a dispensation from one of those two

injunctions, is a third, condemning me, after a state of inactivity, to a suspension of existence, of two years duration, to continue to vegetate in the gloomy recess of an obscure borough, in irksome and fatal indolence. These are the favours, the bounties, that succeed to an oppression unprecedented in all its circumstances!

What could be the object of them? Was it to punish me? Alas for what! What was my crime? Had they ever told me? Did they even then tell me? The justice they had at length so reluctantly rendered me, sufficiently proved my innocence. Who will believe, that if they could have conjured up the shadow of a pretence for loading me with perpetual chains, they would have broken those to which they had destined me without any pretence? A malefactor convicted and condemned may indeed receive as a favour the migitation of his punishment: but an innocent man!——

Was it my duty to consider this caprice of the Ministry as a mark of paternal attention? They certainly did not affect to treat me as those are treated, who having long been deprived of sustenance, are become voracious in their appetite. It is by slow degrees that a skilful Physician prescribes to such patients that nourishment in which too sudden and liberal an indulgence might expose them to suffocation. In all probability it was not the sudden effect of too free an air that was apprehended on my account; it was not to render the regimen of liberty more salutary to me, that

they had the delicacy to restore me to it only by imperceptible gradations.

If this political diet had an object, it was not to me that they meant to spare the dangers of it. What it was really designed to prevent, was the explosion of those sighs which had been accumulating during two twelve months of despair; it was the first aspirations of a heart tortured during that period with such cool barbarity, with so composed a neglect of every thing that was just: it was my well-grounded complaint against a species of violence which has cut off two years of my life; against those outrages, of which the effects will curtail the remainder of it; against a sort of treatment which ever has been, and perhaps ever will be, without example, even at the *Bastille*. This is what they dreaded.

But, not to have made of this precaution a new outrage, an additional iniquity, it was at least necessary to have reconciled it with the arrangement of my personal affairs, with the care of my domestic concerns. I was suing neither for pension, nor indemnity, nor appointment; I solicited nothing but permission to collect the fragments of my property, wantonly attacked, and still more wantonly dissipated. Without this permission; pillaged by the substitutes of the *French* Ministry, of the *French* Police; ruined by a perfidious Agent, unable to recover the arrears due to me, to remedy past, or prevent future depredations; how was I to have subsisted at *Rethel Mazarine?* Are these *Lettres-de-cachet*, then, Letters of exchange?

It has been publickly intimated, that when I was put to the final test, rewards were held out to me; that, if I had endured with resignation this last act of my martyrdom, coronets were preparing for me; but that I had rejected all with disdain, preferring the blind expectation of revenge to the peaceable enjoyment of those benefactions which would have been a full indemnity for my misfortunes.

Nothing can be more false. The only recompence which was announced to me was the chance of *learning one day or other, after being for a long time very obedient*, THE TRUE CAUSE OF MY CONFINEMENT. It was by a man in favour that this allurement was offered to me. A man in place contented himself with saying, *If you wish to live here*, TRY TO BE FORGOTTEN.

I judged it more easy, more safe, more necessary, to try to make my escape: but I once more declare; obsequious even in my apparent disobedience; still cherishing, and revering, the bands from which however those of the *Bastille* had but too fully absolved me; it was in the vicinity of my country, it was in a territory which (if I may so express myself) is a continuation of it, that I should have been content to seek a retreat, if this could have been insured me; and nothing but the excess of prevarication, and of danger, could have driven me back to the inaccessible asylum where I now am, and which I ought never to have quitted.

Those who are alarmed, perhaps not without

cause, at the retreat and the independence which I now enjoy, will not fail to arm themselves with the only specious pretext which could serve the purposes of their malignity. They will accuse me of *ingratitude* and *revolt:* they will say, that if no *State-crime* is to be found in my past conduct, the choice of my present asylum is one: they will paint as a criminal escape the effort which they have rendered indispensible: they will produce, as a proof of the justness of those prepossessions which they opposed to the restitution of my liberty, the use which they have forced me to make of it, and the exercise of a faculty which, they will say, *it was in their power* to with-hold from me.

That it was in their power to with-hold it, is not to be doubted. Men possessed of force have it always in their option to retain, without limitation of time, what they have seized without colour of right: nothing is more clear. But that is not the point in agitation.

The question is only, on the one hand, whether, because a groundless captivity has not been an endless one too, I ought blindly to have submitted to the continuation of that rigour which originated in iniquity; and on the other hand, whether having estimated the validity of a prohibition repugnant to reason and justice, and in which it is impossible to suppose the King had any participation. I could have thought myself secure, any where else but in *England*, against that Ministerial despotism which had not respected even its own solemn protection?

The engagement, totally useless, but very authentic, which was signed in the name of the Count *de Maurepas*, who no longer exists, by the Count *de Vergennes*, who is still in existence, must not be forgotten: by this engagement, as hath been seen above, *the safety of my person* was guaranteed, not, as is pretended, *for a limited time*, but for ever, and without any restriction, or at least without any other restriction, even implied, than that, with which most assuredly I have not failed in my compliance, of continuing to *respect the King, Religion, and the State.*

Has the King been left unapprised of this basis of my security in his dominions? or rather, in traducing me to him in order to destroy the esteem with which he honoured me, in order to determine him to that rigour to which the truth would certainly not have induced him, have they persuaded him that this barrier ought to be no obstacle to that rigour? Of this I know nothing.

What I do know is, that with my protection and my innocence, under a mild and an equitable reign, I have been treated, during two years, not as a person accused, pre-admonished of some offence; (for against such a man an action is commenced; he is informed of the accusation on which it is grounded; he is allowed to make his defence;) but as a delinquent convicted of *High Treason*, with every concomitant aggravation. Now, the *parole* of the Ministers of *France*, and the rectitude of my conduct, having failed me as

guarantee for the past, when their vindictive perfidy was left without a pretext; what had I to expect in future, whilst I remained in the vicinity of *France*, after having, by a measure lawful indeed, and necessary, but contrary to their will, furnished, according to the rules of their implacable despotism, a specious pretext for some further oppression? I could not flatter myself that I should be less reprehensible: could I expect that they would become more religiously scrupulous?

Circumstanced as I then was, had I a free choice of my retreat? Could, I or ought I to have hesitated between the *Bastille* and *Great Britain?* After having quitted without disgrace, perhaps with glory, this generous Nation, might I not without remorse come back to implore its protection?

SECTION II.

My Confinement had no just Motive.

FAIRLY acquitted of the charge of ingratitude or revolt in the use I have made of the liberty restored to me, I think I ought not to suffer a

shadow of doubt to subsist with regard to the causes which deprived me of it, or rather with regard to the real fact, which is, that there has been no cause which could be rationally assigned for the abuse of power, of which that privation has been the result. A summary discussion of this matter is what I owe to myself, to my friends, to the confidence of those honest men, who, judging of my disposition by their own, have, on the sole presumption of my innocence, constantly engaged in my defence. To them I must demonstrate, that in this prepossession they have not been mistaken.

My reputation has been too long consigned to the fury of my enemies, who were then under no apprehensions of being refuted; and to the licentiousness of news-writers, justified, it is true, by the parade and the rigour of my imprisonment. How indeed could they imagine, that under a government not absolutely atrocious, and particularly under a King whose good designs are sufficiently evident, a degree of treatment so severe should be without an adequate cause?

A foreign Minister, who interested himself warmly in my behalf, as well from his own inclination, as by the special command of his sovereign, told me, at the time of my release, that no *State-Affair* had ever been more gravely discussed than mine was; and that in spite of his propensity to believe me innocent, he had concluded, from the manner in which he was silenced whenever he renewed his solicitations, that I was

guilty of some treasonable offence, of which it was a mark of great lenity in government not to precipitate the chastisement.

All those, indeed, who made any efforts in my favour, found a like reception. At one time a chilling silence; at another, some tokens of pity and regret; now enconiums, even, which seemed to indicate a friendly disposition towards me, rendered ineffectual by causes exceedingly terrible; then half-words, which left a boundless and very melancholy scope to the imagination, on the enormity of the offence, and on the duration as well as justice of the punishment;—that is what my friends experienced from men in place; from those, at least, to whom it could not be supposed the real motives of my confinement were unknown.

It is inconceivable, I confess, not only that the object of a system of intrigue like this, should in the issue prove absolutely innocent, but that he should never have been even arraigned: it is no less so, that in giving up his person to such treatment as crimes of the greatest magnitude, established on the clearest evidence, would hardly have justified, they should with an unfeeling disregard sacrifice his honour likewise to public wantonness and malignity; that they should authorise that malignity to consider, to give out, as a proof of his delinquency, the iniquitous rigour with which he was overwhelmed; that the authors of those perfidious insinuations should be those very men who best knew the iniquity,

and the danger of them; in a word, that this danger and this iniquity should constitute a part of their vindictive schemes, of the selfish plan to which they meant to render these injurious falsehoods subservient.

It is inconceivable that a Ministry capable of cruelties so refined, so uniformly persevered in, and of such profound hypocrisy, should exist; that men engaged, or supposed to be engaged, in the most important public affairs, should find time to concert so scandalous an imposition; that they should thus colleague to deceive at once the Prince who honours them with his confidence, and the Public who are witnesses of their conduct; that they should enter into a confederacy to effect, by such machinations, the destruction—of whom? Of a private individual, an irreproachable character, whose only fault has been to have too tenderly loved his country, and to have had too implicit a confidence in their plighted word. This, however, is a fact no less true than astonishing.

I know not (I must say it again) what may have been told to the King; what calumnies may have been employed to make the apparent necessity of crushing me, as if by a thunder-clap, preponderate in his mind against the pleasure he appeared to take in reading my works, and the propensity he had to protect me. Not a word of this has ever been communicated to me: during my twenty months confinement, I have never undergone the shadow of an interrogatory, not the least appearance of an examination. And here

in the face of all *Europe*, I solemnly defy the *French* Ministers to produce one single act, to prove that in their proceedings against me they have regarded the least formality.

My enlargement, as hath already been shewn, was accompanied with the same mystery: in the order of exile the same silence has been observed: so that I know not precisely against what to justify myself; since I am absolutely ignorant of what they might have laid to my charge.

This very silence, observed towards a man who was languishing under every species of aggravated cruelty, in which a full and striking conviction is implied, bespeaks, doubtless, a strong prepossession in his favour. It is what all laws universally proscribe; what is no where allowed but at the *Bastille*; and what perhaps, even there, except in my case alone, they have never dared to venture upon. The nullity or the falsehood of accusation would need no other proof.

But what is more, what will effectually remove the last degree of doubt, is, that I have been incessantly told at the *Bastille*, that my confinement originated in the immediate and direct will of the King; that I was not a man so obscure, so insignificant, that such a stroke of authority would have been hazarded against me without his consent. This is the sacred barrier that has been constantly opposed to my endeavours to attain, if not the full discovery, at least a partial glimpse, of the ground, so cautiously concealed, of my imprisonment. It is, then, on some kind of

delinquency, on some express and positive accusation, that this will, this consent, have been founded.

Ah, ye audacious calumniators! whose attempt to rob me of the esteem of that Protector whom nature and providence had given me, might have prevailed, it is before his footstool that I summon you: it is in the presence of Him whose honest and liberal soul you have abused, that I impeach you. If you have said any thing to him, which could for a moment bring in question my loyalty to his person, my devotion to his interests, my horror for every kind of intrigue in general, and especially for such as might have had an opposite tendency; I declare to you in formal terms, that every word you have uttered has been a lye.

Do not flatter yourselves that you will be able to shrink from my representations, under the veil, so often profaned, of respect due to *Secrets of State:* do not deceive yourselves in the vain hope that this will conceal the springs of your fraudulent despotism, as the *Bastille* conceals its operations. No; I will pursue you into that asylum which you pollute: I will there resound, without ceasing, these words, so terrible to you, and to which perhaps the equitable Monarch, in whose presence I address them to you, will not be insensible: "You have basely imposed upon him. "My conduct and my writings have always been "incorrupt as my heart."

You have suffered it to be said, to be affirmed, to be printed in all the public papers, "That I "had composed and communicated Memoirs

"calculated to draw embarassing claims upon "France, or at least to awaken the desire of "asserting them." This is the rumour which I found to have most generally obtained, on my resurrection from my grave: this is the opprobrium to which you had devoted my ashes, if, in spite of your endeavours, an all-powerful hand had not snatched me out of it.

Perhaps your view in opposing yourselves to my return to *Brussels*, was still to confirm, to give additional credit to that falsehood, so criminal, and so absurd. Perhaps, after having had the cunning to render it probable in the eyes of those whom you wished to deceive, you have had that too of retarding an *éclaircissement* between the two Sovereigns whom it concerned, and of preventing an explanation by which I should have been justified.

Nay, perhaps dreading the protection with which I was honoured by the august and virtuous Princess who is the band of their union, you have forged this calumny merely to reduce her to silence when my affair should be the object of discussion. Consort of the one, and sister of the other, till facts were cleared up, she must have been cautious of appearing to interest herself for a man suspected of having failed of his duty alike towards them both: and how were those facts to be cleared, when on the delicate subject, on which you had raised suspicions, it was so easy to elude an *éclaircissement*.

Your interest, however, will not enable you to

stifle this my solemn protestation. Exclusively limited in my literary toils, I have indulged myself in no other political speculations whatever, but those I have published in the *Annals*: and, for the sake of refuting the falsehood which you have either invented, or tolerated, I here presume to invoke that august Sovereign whose name is called in question. Far from giving myself up to that unaccountable madness which would have disposed me to foretell and to justify the dismemberment of *France*, it is in her bosom that with unceasing views I have been preparing myself a retreat: it is on her prosperity that I have perpetually rested the dependance of my own, till the very moment in which you have requited the tenderest attachment with torments scarcely reserved for her most implacable enemies; till that moment, of all her children none has been more affectionately obedient, of all her subjects none more scrupulously faithful.

If I had ever conceived the idea of a sentiment different from those I here unfold, some traces of it must doubtless still exist. Ah! dare then to disclose them; bring forth into open day: ransack your *bureaux*; put in motion the priviledged spies whose clandestine zeal you have so dearly paid. If at length I am found guilty, the boldness of my denial will ultimately excite, in those with whom the proofs of my perfidy are deposited, a degree of indignation proportioned to the contempt with which my original treachery would have inspired them in the beginning: they will be eager to assist you in bringing to confusion an hypocritical im-

postor, who should dare to flatter himself that he could impose on your indulgence, who should so strenuously endeavour to reconcile the appearance of virtue with the stratagems of iniquity. There is neither *State-concern*, nor *State-secret*, which can possibly be an obstacle to discoveries that would be so dear to you.

But far, very far, am I from fearing, them! My conduct, as my works in general, without the least exception, has constantly borne the stamp of one uniform sentiment; I mean, that of a patriotic enthusiasm, a delicacy on this point, carried to the extreme. Here, my tongue, my pen, and my heart, have been invariably in unison. Here I have left no alternative, but those of refuting me upon facts, or of acknowledging how odious, how criminal, have been those artifices which could for a moment render my innocence problematical.

But has my private correspondence been equally unexceptionable as my public conduct? Have I not been guilty of some internal act of imprudence, some secret indiscretion, sufficient to justify the animadversion of government? Have I not shocked some man in power, to whose rank some reparation may have been judged due? This is the last resource of my persecutors: it is also the last stroke of that fatality which has destined me to be a model of passive oppression in every possible way.

Is it not strange, after what I have suffered from the fury of Corporations, from the prevarication of men in place, that I should be obliged to

vindicate myself on such an occasion as this; to give an account of every sigh which indignation has extorted from me, of all the convulsions which grief has thrown me into? I must not however decline the enumeration; both because it is necessary, and because it will complete the discovery of all those enormities, of all that cowardice, of which I have been the victim.

The only complaint, of the kind last mentioned, which has been communicated to me, that which has been presented to me as the sole cause of my confinement, is a letter to the *Marshal de Duras*. I pretend not to justify it, and its discussion would be useless: but it was a private letter, which concerned him only in his private character; a letter, which had been challenged, and even necessitated by a sort of conduct more reprehensible than the letter itself was violent; a secret letter, which I have never exposed; a letter which I have never denied to have written, because I am not capable of a lye, but which the Marshal *de Duras*, at least in public, has always denied to have received; a letter of which he constantly averred he had made no complaint; of which he had in fact made so little, that, notwithstanding my requisitions, they could not produce me the original; and which, consequently, could by no means constitute the ground of any suit or punishment whatsoever; a letter, in short, upon which my answer, when I was asked if I had written it, ought to have put Hatred to the blush, and made Vengeance drop her arms. (17)

Whatever it was, it is evident that the exposure of it could alone render it criminal; and it had not been exposed. Whatever it was, though it had even been published with as much scandal as that which accompanied my confinement, it was no *State-crime.* Whatever it was certainly it could not have justified twenty months imprisonment in the *Bastille*, with a continuance of the most atrocious treatment of which that infernal precinct had even been the theatre.

I am well aware that my readers will be curious to know the tenour of this piece, so fatal, and so mysterious; and, were I sensible to the thirst of vengeance alone, I should certainly make it public. But, here again I am tenacious of my respect even for the intentions of the King: my letter no sooner appears to move his displeasure, than I abandon it; I sacrifice it to the opinion which he entertains of it, setting no higher value on this last homage, than the satisfaction of having paid it. (18)

But in the cabinet of the *French* Ministers there exists another letter, which has contributed, perhaps in a greater degree than the former, to my misfortune. This, however, they have taken effectual care to keep back from the eyes of the King: if, indeed, it had been laid before him, it would have secured me against all I have suffered. I was never so much as once reminded of it: but, as I have not a doubt that it had much greater influence, than the other, on the resolution of the Ministry; as it is evident, that in making use of the former to irritate the mind of the

being they had the increase to conceal from him the latter which could only alarm and exasperate the Ministers. I am of opinion that I ought to give it a place here.

This letter was dated the morrow after that to the Marshal *de Duras*. It was addressed to M. *Le Noir*, Lieutenant of the Police, through whose hands the *Annales* regularly passed, in order to be delivered to the distributor.

It is necessary to recollect, that in March, 1770, the 59th and 60th Numbers had been successively stopped at the solicitation of the Marshal *de Duras*, and the *Parliament of Paris*. The first suppression I had patiently submitted to: on the second, I wrote, the 7th of April, 1780, to the Marshal *de Duras*, the letter which he does not hand about, nor I neither; and on the morrow, to M. *Le Noir*, that which follows.

Brussels, April 8, 1780.

"SIR,

"After having, in my letter of yesterday, given "way, to an indignation too well founded, I am "going to make some further efforts in the name "of justice and reason; though I have learnt, "to my cost, how little weight they have in "*France* against interest and intrigue. The fol- "lowing is a short memorial, which I entreat "you to lay before the eyes of the Ministers: "they will not fail to impute it, still, to my "obstinacy: but I presume it should be ascribed "to the goodness of my cause.

" I cannot conceive that the Marshal *de Duras* " would wish to figure any longer in public. I " confess, that nothing can be added to what the " Count *Desgrée* has told him: however, it is " something to repeat it, and to remark to the " Public, that the *Marshal* has obtained no " satisfaction for it. It appears to me, that in " his situation, he ought, of all things, to avoid " making a noise in the world; and he is going " to make more than he has ever done in his " life.

" Be this as it may, I can only repeat to you " what I have already had the honour of saying " to you several times, on my aversion to be " again involved in the bickerings of past times, " on the ardent desire I have of being no more " exposed to them; but, at the same time, on the " courage with which I shall support myself under " them. It will cost me my fortune; but I am " accustomed to sacrifices.

" The sale of the N^os^. LIX. and LX. of the " *Annales* has been stopped at *Paris*: they are " published and circulated in *England*, in *Holland*, " in *Germany*, in the *Low-Countries*; and even in " *France* by the pirates who *counterfeit* them. To " suppress in *Paris* only the genuine edition, " whilst all the others are tolerated, and even " encouraged, is to do an act of injustice at once " very shocking, and totally useless: it will not " hinder the prohibited Numbers from finding " their way into *Paris*; it will only render them " more noted, more sought for, and more valuable:

" the desire of them will be only the more lively,
" and of longer continuance. I don't see what the
" parties concerned have to gain by it.

" These Numbers contain nothing censurable;
" far from it: the 59th might have been infinitely
" more severe. I do not imagine that the interests
" of the very ridiculous Nephew of M. *de Leyrit*
" (19) have the least weight in this suppression.
" The only object, then, is to spare the Marshal
" *de Duras* the disagreeable circumstances of a
" mortifying reflection on his affair. But is that
" peculiar to this Number? or rather, is it not
" there that it is softened, at least to the ad-
" vantage of the commandant?

" When two men, destined by their birth and
" condition to give an example of probity in their
" actions. and of delicacy in their words, mutually
" accuse each other, in the face of all *Europe* of
" every kind of *knavery*, and *larceny*. making use
" of those very terms; and when they have
" recourse to a regular Tribunal to obtain re-
" paration and justice; if that Tribunal leaves
" the affair undecided, it commits at least one
" act of prevarication, and perhaps two. If one
" of the parties is guilty, it is scandalous that he
" is not punished: if neither of them is so, it is
" yet more scandalous, that the decree of the
" Court should encrease suspicions, instead of
" destroying them; should stigmatise two innocent
" men, instead of acquitting them. This is all
" that I have said; and it is upon the judges
" that my reflection falls. The Public is not

" so indulgent: it is the Writer of *Castellan*
" whom it points out as the man really guilty;
" and the supplicated suppression of the 59th
" Number will not reinstate him.

" As to the contents of N°. LX. they are facts.
" The vexations of the *Parliaments*; their secret
" tyrannies; the support which the Members all
" think they owe one to the other, and in reality
" afford one another on occasions where they
" ought the least to allow themselves to con-
" found their legal character with their private
" interests;—the corruptness of the *Secretaries*;
" their intrigues, their perfidies, their custom of
" extorting fees on both sides, are notorious
" matters. As authority does not deign either
" to punish, or repress these abuses, it is necessary
" at least that the certainty of not being able to
" screen them from public censure, should put
" some kind of restraint upon them: it is the
" interest of Government; it is the interest of
" those very Companies who are degraded by so
" many excesses.

" *Whilst I wrote from* ENGLAND, *I was exposed*
" *to none of these broils*; (20) and I wrote things
" much more forcible. It is however upon the
" plan conceived, digested, and executed in *Eng-*
" *land*, and well known in *France*, that the
" agreements took place between the Public in
" *France*, the Posts of *France*, and myself. It
" was in conformity to that plan that subscrip-
" tions were opened and received; that the
" circulation of the work was authorised; and

"that the King accepted the copies which I "addressed immediately to him. It was not "stipulated as a condition, that I should respect "the cowardice of the *Marshals of France*, if "either of them should be guilty of any, or the "prevarication of the Tribunals. No such terms "were proposed to me; none such should I "have accepted.

"I never meant to subject myself to any "Censorial power: on the contrary, I have loudly "protested, I have more than once declared in "print, that I would never have any other Censor "than my own delicacy. I have not said one "word which might subject that to be called in "question. Whence then those trammels in "which they take upon them to confine me?

"Repassing the sea, I have changed my "situation, but not my heart: I have without "reluctance sacrificed my fortune; I will never "sacrifice my independence, nor the prerogatives "to which a solemn obligation has entitled me. "I may suffer for my passionate regard for *France*, "for my confidence in the Ministry of *France*, for "my absolute devotion to my Country: I may be "determined, by downright disgust, to leave off "writing; but I shall never be reduced to write "like a slave. Of all the indemnities due to me "from the Government of *France*, that which I "believe to be the least costly, and I am sure is "the most useful to her, is the freedom of my "pen!"

This letter I do not doubt, I never have doubted, though I have never spoken of it, as the real cause of my misfortunes: this is what has determined the Ministry of *France* to seize the opportunity of revenge. At the time of my departure from *England*, they could not refuse to the firmness, the integrity of my conduct, the solemn protection of which I have spoken; and since that time they have not been able to find any pretence to violate it.

Further, I owe this justice to the memory of the Count *de Maurepas*: he was neither vindictive, nor inplacable: entirely taken up in perpetuating his ease, and his influence, he sought no other enjoyment. What was lively in the *Annales*, amused him: what was serious, gave him no uneasiness. Perhaps he found a pleasure even in the idea that it was himself who had the credit of protecting me.

His agents in administration were not altogether of the same way of thinking: some of them still bore in mind the letter to the Count *de Vergennes*, and the portraits that were drawn in it: others dreaded the unreserved frankness of the *Annales*. Pick-pockets, says a certain intelligent man, *shun the light of the lamps*. The great success of that work, the very respectable suffrages united in its favour, the friendly zeal of all those who had nothing to fear from it, that, is of all virtuous and impartial men, had held Malevolence in chains.

But when, for the purpose of extorting the consent of the old Minister, they had the letter of

the 8th of April, which was shewn only to him, and which he might without difficulty be led to construe into a menace; when, to prejudice the mind of the young King, they had the other letter of the 7th, which likewise was produced only to Him, with additions which he alone was to hear; it was easy to fabricate the order which till then they had perhaps despaired of obtaining. It will not be doubted that the business was transacted in the manner I have here suggested, when it is considered that the letter to M. *Le Noir* is of the VIIIth OF APRIL, 1780. and the *Letter-de-cachet* of the XVIth of the same month. But from this same date another kind of inference is to be drawn. My hand yet starts at the very idea of it; and it is with equal horror, and depression of spirits, that I am going to disclose it.

The 16th of April 1780, I was not in *France*. I had it in my option never to have returned thither: and, if my blind fanaticism for my Country; if my confidence, yet more extravagant than blind, in a promise of the *French* Ministers, joined to a thousand treacheries, of which a specimen will presently be seen, had not made me neglect intelligence but too well grounded, I never should have returned thither. The *Lettre-de-cachet*, therefore, might never have been put in force. This thunder-bolt, then, was forged at a venture, without any knowledge whether it would ever produce its effect. The *French* Ministry, it seems, keep these murderous weapons in reserve; they have magazines where

these instruments of its vengeance are deposited; and they can peaceably wait, like the sportsman in ambush, till the game presents itself of its own accord, to receive the shot which he is ready to aim for its destruction.

Nor is this all; for they imitate the cunning of this sportsman no less with respect to the preliminaries than to the object. A variety of perfidious tricks, some of them more cowardly than others, have been successively multiplied to conceal from me the snare which had been just laid in my way. Is not even the currency restored to the *Annales* in their distribution, immediately after the 16th of April, one of the most criminal kind!

What! continue to circulate in public, under guarantee of the Royal authority, a work, of which the Author had been secretly proscribed, and devoted by the Ministers to that disgrace, to that severity, which are reserved for the enemies of the King and the State! continue to receive it, in order to deliver it to the King, and actually deliver it to him; affect to applaud the marks of satisfaction with which he did not cease to honour it; and take special care that I should be acquainted with this!

The same engine by which the news of an approbation so flattering was conveyed to me, was employed to entice me to *Paris*. That spy, under the mask of a friend, who had been pensioned by the Police, at my expence, for five years past to penetrate into my secrets, having

learnt that I was not unacquainted with this circumstance, laboured incessantly to dissipate the terror with which it had inspired me, by this consideration, that they would not have restored liberty to the *Annales*, if they had wished to deprive the Author of that of his person; and that I might go into *France* without any apprehensions, as my works were so favourably received at *Versailles*. Thus the sacred name of the King was made use of to facilitate the success of an iniquity, of which that very name was to be the instrument!

This iniquity was not perpetrated till the end of six months; but at the end of six years, of twenty, the *Lettre-de-cachet* which authorised it, would have had the same efficacy. I was devoted, then, for the rest of my life, to undergo, at some time or other, the stab of this poignard; and in extreme old-age, when, borne down by calamity, and exhausted by toils, I might have come to ask my country, as a recompence for so many exertions and sacrifices, permission to die there in peace, I should have found no gates open to receive me but the *Bastille*, no other sepulchre but its dungeons!

After these reflections, what, in God's name, can we style the *Lettre-de-cachet* of the 16th of April 1780! how describe that eagerness to fabricate it, and that patience in waiting the moment of its execution!

Let it now be considered, that an imprisonment thus instigated, thus prepared, and thus consum-

mated, has lasted near *Two years*; that it has done me an injury, almost equally irreparable, in my property, and in my health; that, if it has not totally ruined me in my civil capacity, and closed my life at an untimely period, I owe this to a peculiar favour of Providence, which, having apparently destined me to the task I am now performing, I mean, making public the horrors of the *Bastille*, has endued me with an organisation expressly calculated to support them.

If it is to the Marshal *de Duras* that so ample a satisfaction has been thought due, one should hardly be able to forbear repeating what was said on this occasion by one of the greatest Monarchs in Europe: "*This Monsieur de Duras then must "be a very great Personage!*"

Examples on this subject would amount to nothing: in a matter where all is caprice and despotism, authorities and comparisons are very useless. I cannot however help citing one.

Among the numberless *Imbastillements*, which have been designed as a satisfaction to powerful Personages, may be reckoned that of *La Beaumelle*. This writer, more than indiscreet, had dared to insert, in his Memoirs of Madame *de Maintenon*, the following phrase: "*The Court of Vienna, "long accused of keeping in pay, people ready to "administer poison, ...*" The offence was certainly heinous, as well as public: the punishment might therefore justly be severe, and reparation exemplary.

However, *Five months* in the *Bastille* appeared

sufficient. *La Beaumelle* found an effectual protection in the generosity of the very Court which he had insulted: it was at the solicitation of that Court that he was enlarged—and without being exiled.

However mighty the Marshal *de Duras* as a man of arms; however accomplished the Marshal *de Duras* as a man of letters; however refined the Marshal *de Duras* as a man of wit; however great the Marshal *de Duras* as an *Academician*; notwithstanding all these titles, it is not probable that he has appeared to the *French* Ministry, Himself, all alone, a personage more important than the House of *Austria* all together. However violent my six unknown lines to the Marshal *de Duras* may be supposed, it cannot be imagined they were comparable to the public calumniation, equally atrocious as false, in the romance just mentioned.

If then the Marshal *de Duras* has condescended to serve as Sponsor to the *Lettre-de-cachet* against me in the time of its infancy, it is clear that I am not to impute to him the guilt of its protracted existence: he could not have asked, nor would they have offered him, so tedious an atonement (21). If it has not been believed that this atonement was demanded by a terrestrial divinity somewhat more respectable, it is not the fault of that indiscretion, or rather that malignity, which was every where busied in seeking matter of censure against me, and of exculpation in favour of the *French* Ministry. That malignity has not been

contented with calling in question the name of a single sovereign on my account. After having given out my pretended connection with one, as the motive of the iniquity of the 27th of September 1780, they have endeavoured to make another a direct accomplice in it. It has been circulated abroad, that the *Lettre-de-cachet* had been granted at the instance of his *Prussian* Majesty. The rumour was spread and still subsists, that that Monarch, piqued at the Epistle to M. *d'Alembert*,* and at the particulars which I thought proper to publish of the famous affair of the *Miller*,† and further stimulated by the entreaties of the little *Platos* of *Paris*, had been earnest, at *Versailles*, in soliciting my imprisonment; that the *French* Ministry could not refuse this mark of condescension to a Philosopher of such importance; and that the gates of my prison could not possibly be opened without the consent of him by whose order they had been shut.

But is it probable, that a Legislator so equitable, so beneficent in his own dominions, would have sunk so low as to solicit an act of injustice and oppression, on his behalf in the dominions of another? Is it probable, that having lately done the Author of the *Annales* the honour of adopting his very expressions in one of his laws,‡ he would have indulged himself in a caprice of this kind

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* See *Annales Politiques*, &c. Vol. ix. p. 79.
† Ibid. p. 4, &c.
‡ See the *Annales*, Vol. vii. p. 434.

against that same writer, who had never offended him? Is it probable, besides, that *Versailles* would have thought she owed so cruel an homage to *Potsdam*; that they would have dared to propose to the King of *France* to become an instrument of vengeance to the King of *Prussia?* With regard to such public offences as tend to blast the honour of a Crown, like that of *La Beaumelle*, of whom I have just now spoken, Princes may undoubtedly render each other the service of repressing them, although not personally interested: but in all other respects they carry their jealousy of power so high, as to protect, and that sometimes to the prejudice of public order, even persons who are criminal. How is it possible then to suspect them of acting in concert to proscribe one who was innocent?

In short, what completes the justification of his *Prussian* Majesty, and clearly proves that I have not been the *Callisthenes* of this *Alexander* of the *North*, is the date of the *Letter-de-cachet* in question. The 16th of April, 1780, is considerably prior to the pretended wrongs with which they would have connected it. It is evident then, that that Prince has not tarnished his philosophical career, in persecuting with such animosity, a writer who has not indeed courted his favour, but from whom he certainly could not with-hold his esteem.

The particulars of the treatment I underwent, and the very duration of my imprisonment, are so many additional proofs that he took no part in the affair. If he had been the real author of it, would not the loss of my liberty have appeared to him an

ample satisfaction? Would he have required of the Ministers of *Versailles* those refinements of revenge of which I am presently to treat? or could they have mistaken him so far, so grossly insulted him, as to mean by such measures to conciliate his good-will? Far from wishing to protract my distress would not his generosity have urged him to imitate the example of the Court of *Vienna* towards *La Beaumelle*? Having infinitely less cause of complaint, would he have given way to a greater degree of implacability? Would he have prescribed for a *Frenchman*, at the *Bastille*, those severities which one of his own subjects, really criminal, would not have had to fear at *Spandaw*?

It is very astonishing that the names of two Princes so illustrious should have been thus blended with the misfortunes of a private individual; of him, who, on account of his personal simplicity, his dislike to all sorts of parade, his abhorrence of every kind of intrigue, his indifference to fortune and every ambitious pursuit, ought perhaps, of all men who cultivate literature, to have been the least exposed to the dangers attending the honour of being known to Sovereigns: but it is at least equally evident, that neither of those whom I have here mentioned could possibly have contributed to what I have undergone. My imprisonment has no more owed its origin, or its duration, to the pretended requisitions sent from *Berlin*, than to the pretended communications dispatched to *Vienna*.

What then has been the motive, the object of this murder? This interest has not been communicated from me [illegible] the only means of correspondence ever allowed me at the [illegible] He can answer with what his conscience has been honoured.

In the consideration of it I thought I was justly [illegible] the Minister of Justice was now quite out of the question.—I said the M. de Sartine, pray what is it then — he "THEY are aiming that you "will meet opportunities of revenge: the doors "which presently be opened to you, if THEY were "sure that you would not [illegible] away against "them." For it seemed to me of the Lettres de Cachet that they always made use of the collective word THEY. This is what was constantly told me during [illegible] and what the public knew very well without my telling them.

Putting himself now in my place, let the reader judge with what terror, with what heavy indignation, these cowardly confessions must have filled my soul. It was then a future and uncertain fear which determined my present servitude! After I had been shackled to vindictive injustice, its effects were perpetuated against me merely for the tranquillity of my oppressors! According to their political ritual I ought to have been detained so long as I was to be *dreaded*; that is till my soul should have been debased, or my organs deranged, or at least my feeble talents destroyed by the frigility of age, and the convulsions of despair.

What an unaccountable destiny! When the

point in debate was, to rob me of my civil establishment, in complaisance to a band of *enrobed* assassins, an *Advocate-general*, their accomplice, devoid of all shame, said in open court, in full audience, that I could not possibly be left in possession of it, because of the troubles *I should not fail* ONE DAY* *to excite*, in—I know not what order of men: and here, where my person was to be disposed of, it was coldly consigned to endless slavery, on account of the resentment which *I should not fail* ONE DAY *to entertain!*

Thus, ever peaceable in reality, and formidable in idea; always blameless at the present, and criminal in the future; it is for the hereafter that I have been punished. My enemies have never been able to excuse their iniquities but by presages yet more iniquitous. They have always assigned, as a motive for their cruelties of to-day, my *infallible* resentment of to-morrow! They have never vouchsafed to make the trial whether it was not their presages, dictated by a stupid degree of timidity, or a cunning kind of hatred, that were void of foundation.

Here, a very fair opportunity, doubtless, presented itself. The uncorrupt and feeling heart of the King was moved at the remembrance of my distress. Whilst intrigue was bustling to dazzle his integrity, and calumny loquacious to mislead it; it was watchful, it was eloquent in my favour: he was sensible that the punishment of those faults,

* See *Appel à la Postérité*, page 35.

whatever they might be, of which he at that time believed me guilty, ought not to be eternal. A secret prepossession, in favour of my innocence, had perhaps, even before this, rendered the virulence of his Counsellors suspicious: and, in spite of their efforts, he pronounced the all-powerful *Surge & ambula*, which put an end to my misfortunes.

Was not this the moment, if reason at least, for want of justice, if an enlightened policy had had any effect on the mind of the Ministers, to try what indulgence might have had upon mine; upon that untameable spirit, whose extravagant sallies they pretended to have been obliged to check by so exemplary a punishment? I have unceasingly repeated, in the thousand and one memorials which I breathed in sighs from the depths of the *Bastille*, that I knew my Country only by her rigours; and that I adored her. What would have been my idolatry, at that juncture when, renouncing every unjust prejudice, every cruel caprice, her sons should have met me with open arms; when to those sentiments, which her severities had not changed, I could have added that of gratitude for the earnest of one single act of kindness;* when, reinstated in the common privileges of the family, I might have said to myself: I have hitherto suffered from vexa-

* These words require an explanation that I cannot place amongst the Notes: it concerns me so nearly, that I would not have it go unnoticed.

Amongst the innumerable absurdities and falsehoods of

tious prejudices; let us endeavour to destroy them. I have been accused of obstinacy, and too much vehemence of temper; let us carry meekness

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which my misfortunes, as usual, has rendered me the object, one has gone abroad, which I cannot pass by with neglect: it has been said, it has been written, it has been printed, that the claims of the *French* Ministry upon me were so much the stronger, as I had received from them *a pension of two thousand crowns.*

I am obliged to declare, that there never was a more impudent falsehood. It is unaccountable that it should have been hazarded, at any time posterior to the 27th of September, 1780, after what I had said in the preceding August, N°. LIX. p. 296 in the *Annales:*

"There is only one of the Kings of *Europe* towards "whom respect, attachment, and fidelity, on my part, can "be considered as duties; one alone, from whom I MIGHT "HAVE accepted benefactions without a blush, and with- "out a scruple. Now, even of Him, I never asked, I "never will ask, any thing but justice."

It is immaterial here what was the answer made to this demand: but it is clear that the man who held this language publickly, in a printed work, was not *pensioned.*

The only marks of attention which I have received from the *French* Ministry during my life have been three *lettres-de-cachet*; one for the *Bastille*, and two of *Exile*; of which the first was my punishment for having as Counsel defended M. *de Bellegarde*, who was at first solemnly condemned as guilty, and three years after, as solemnly acknowledged innocent.

The other affairs which I have treated, either as a Civilian, or merely as a Man of Letters, have not all been found worthy of such flattering distinctions: but there is not one of them, of which the success, so far as it respected me, was not embittered by the ingratitude of the Clients whom I saved, the prevarications of the Tribunals which I compelled to be just, the stupidity or the corruption of the men in place whom I unmasked. It cannot be imputed to self-sufficiency, when I declare, that neither the Bar, nor the Republic of Letters, have produced a man whose

and patience even to the extreme: let us try to dissipate fear, disarm hatred, and take away every pretext of uneasiness.

Rising from my sepulchre, my first movements tended to confirm these dispositions. Like another *Lazarus*, disencumbered of the grave-clothes which for twenty months had intercepted every motion of my tongue, and my heart, it was sensibility, it was the love of peace, it was *gratitude* that I announced. For five whole weeks I have not ceased to tender to these cowardly and implacable despots, my hands yet bleeding from the chains with which they had so long been loaded. I asked of them only the favour to try me, and I was not able to

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life has been interspersed with anecdotes more incredible of this kind, from the Defence of the *Duc d'Aiguillon*, down to my Reflections on that of M. *de Lally*.

I will dare to go further, even though the charge of self-sufficiency should be brought against me, and the old cry of *egotism* revived: There has not been a writer whose zeal was more pure, whose soul more inaccessible to intrigue and personal influence, whose talents more exclusively devoted to the protection of justice, and the manifestation of truth: and this is sufficiently evident from the fruits they have yielded me.

Having spoken of the exile occasioned by the defence of M. *de Bellegarde*, I must render due homage to the generosity shewn by the Marshal *de Biron* on that cocasion. He was chief of the Council of War which the *Lettre-de-cachet* seemed to avenge: he was extremely active in accelerating its revocation; and on my return, a very polite, a very flattering reception was the balm he poured into my wound.

Of Gallic Knights even such is the renown.

But this is apparently not the character of the *Literary* Knights, nor of the *Academic* Marshals.

obtain it! they did not dare to believe my words were sincere. Unworthy to form a judgement of my heart, they imagined their *Lettres-de-cachet* a more powerful check than my delicacy: and while the enjoyment of a state of freedom, henceforward inviolably secured to me, is hardly a consolation for the price it costs me, they are congratulating themselves perhaps on the sagacity which enabled them to foretell the use *I should not fail* to make of it.

Away with these unseasonable retrospects and regrets! Having been refused permission to convince the *French* Ministry of my resigned disposition, let us make use of the faculty they have forced me to assume, to unmask their injustice, and divulge their barbarity. The former is already sufficiently obvious: let us proceed to the detail of the latter; and, if on the perusal of these Memoirs, some readers are tempted to say that no oppression has ever been upbraided with equal energy, let us force them in like manner to confess that none has ever been attended with equal cruelty.

END OF VOL. I.

[Collectanea Adamantæa.]

MEMOIRS OF THE BASTILLE.

[COLLECTANEA ADAMANTÆA.—IV.]

MEMOIRS

OF

THE BASTILLE.

Translated from the French

OF THE CELEBRATED

MR LINGUET,

WHO WAS IMPRISONED THERE FROM SEPTEMBER 1780 TO MAY 1782.

Edited by

EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE BASTILLE.

PART II.

SECTION III.

Of the Regimen of the Bastille.

I SHALL not at present touch on that tender question, of which the discussion would be more difficult than the solution could be useful; I shall not examine whether State-Prisons be necessary appendages to a Government; whether every Administration requires these fastnesses, removed without the pale, and withdrawn from the inspection, of the Laws; whether this spring, for the most part violent, and always dangerous, may be considered as an indispensible requisite in

machines which for their preservation sometimes stand in need of an extraordinary impulse; whether, in fine, what is in France known by the strange appellation of a *Lettre-de cachet*, be an evil peculiar to that kingdom, like the plague in Egypt, the small-pox in Arabia, and those inundations of liquid fire in the countries infested by burning mountains? This problem is best resolved by facts; and although such solution may not be admitted by humane philosophy, it is nevertheless adopted by universal policy.

We are unacquainted with a nation among whom this resource, or else some equivalent, has not been an engine in the hands of power. In the purest era of her liberty, Rome had her DICTATORS. The orders of this supreme magistrate bore an authority not inferior to that of a *Lettre-de-cachet*, since he disposed without appeal, and without responsibility, not only of the liberty, but even of the lives of the citizens.

In Sparta we may observe how State-policy extended still farther the bounds of despotism. The Kings themselves, that is to say, the Chiefs of the nation, bowed before it. The EPHORI had power to commit them to prison; and though their warrant varied somewhat from a *Lettr.-de-cachet*, yet, in its principle, it may be considered as essentially the same.

Nay, in that part of the world where the Govern-

ment is most closely watched and restrained, where the privileges of individuals are most effectually secured from the encroachments of arbitrary power; in London itself, we behold a TOWER destined for the reception of State-Criminals. The Parliament, that guardian of private, no less than of public freedom, not only sees without terror, a citadel that seems to threaten destruction to both, but even goes so far sometimes as to use it; and in so doing they are not thought to violate, nor yet to hazard the liberty of the People. (22.)

But a similar institution may appear to be far more excusable in France; where, the characters of men being more impetuous, the pretensions of different powers continually jarring with each other less circumscribed, and the regal authority neither limited nor ascertained, we may easily conceive, that on some occasions, it will be necessary to have a check, or kind of scare-crow to defend the prerogative of the Crown, if not of the Kingdom. But I once more observe, that this is a point which I do not pretend to examine: I am not to consider the legality of the institution, but the regimen, of the BASTILLE; I mean the exercise of its authority. Now its regimen is dreadful; it resembles nothing practised heretofore, or at this moment practised, in the known world. (23.)

If in one of those relations, which the ebullitions of imaginary travellers have multiplied of late years, we should read, that in an island of the southern hemisphere, which nature seems to have concealed from the rest of the globe, there exists a people, gay, mild, and frivolous, not only in their manners, but also in their most essential qualities, with a Government far from sanguinary; where the most serious affairs ever assume an air of pleasantry; and in whose capital notwithstanding, is kept with infinite care, an abyss, into which every citizen, without exception, is each moment liable to be hurled, and into which some are actually precipitated every day, in consequence of orders inevitable, as they are inexplicable; for which it is often impossible to divine the motive or the pretext:

That the unfortunate wretch thus vanished, finds himself detached from all the rest of mankind; farther removed from his relations, from his friends, and, what is worse than all, from justice, than if he had been transferred into another planet; that his cries and supplications are stifled in their passage, or at least, that only one channel is allowed for their issue; and that precisely the one most interested in suppressing them; a motive that must be prevalent, in proportion as the oppression is palpable and enormous:

That he is abandoned, at least for a consider-

able length of time, without books, without paper, to the torturing suspence of being entirely ignorant of what passes in the world, of the fate of his family, his fortune, his honour; of what he has been, and of what he is to be accused; torments which a perpetual solitude, undiverted by any kind of avocation, renders more intolerable:

That he has no other security for his life but the tenderness of his keepers, who notwithstanding the mark of honour attached to their habit, being capable of such meanness as to become for hire the base satellites of arbitrary power, would doubtless feel but little repugnance in undertaking an office still more base and barbarous, if it was required of them on the same terms: that he has therefore grounds to be apprehensive of poison in every dish that is served up to him: that every time his door is opened, the melancholy clang of the bolts and bars with which it is loaded, may seem to announce his death-warrant, or to notify the arrival of the mutes destined to perform the fatal office; whilst he cannot derive the least motive to tranquility either from the consciousness of his innocence, or from the equity of the Sovereign; since the first attack on the former, may be followed by a second; since they have the same power over his life, as they exercise over his liberty; since the same persons, who a thousand times a day lend their hands to his execution in a

moral sense, by virtue of a *Lettre-de-Cachet*, could not be supposed to refuse their assistance to accomplish the same purpose in a literal sense, when once commissioned by the same authority; and lastly, since in a place where all is mystery and sorrow, there is no enormity so atrocious, but may with as much ease be concealed as committed:

That, if he preserves his health, it is but an additional grievance, sensibility being then most exquisite, and privation more painful; that if it gives way, as is generally the case, to the miseries of his situation, he is allowed neither relief nor comfort; but must remain in that helpless and wretched condition; perpetually agonised by reflecting on the impossibility of an escape, on the misfortunes that may happen to his family, the oblivion to which his name is in danger of being consigned; by considering, that his ashes will be deprived of the last sad tribute of tenderness and affection; that his end will perhaps be unknown; and that his mistaken wife and children may be offering up vows and making efforts for his deliverance, long after the sepulchre, in which he was buried alive will contain no remains of him but his bones!

Should we find such a picture in the voyages of Cook, or Anson, what sort of impression would it make upon our minds? Might we not take the

author for an impostor; or in felicitating ourselves on being natives of a country exempt from such a wretched servitude, should we not conceive a degree of contempt, mingled with horror, for a Government so barbarous, and a People so debased?

But alas! it is the picture of no other than the BASTILLE, and that far from overcharged! How weakly does it represent those tortures and lengthened convulsions of the mind; those perpetual agonies that eternise the pains of death, without affording its repose; in short, all the torments which the jailers of the Bastille can inflict, and which no stretch of human art can exhibit!

The first article of their code is the impenetrable mystery with which all their operations are inveloped; a mystery that goes so far, as not only to leave people in doubt with regard to the place of residence, but even with regard to the life, of the unfortunate person who has slipped into their hands; a mystery that is not confined to the interdiction of all communication, whence he might derive either comfort or amusement, but is carried to such extent, as to prevent it from being known with certainty where he is, or even whether he is still in existence.

A prisoner, whom an officer of the Bastille sees every day, will, when spoken of in the world,

he denied with consummate effrontery ever to have been seen or known by him. When some of my faithful friends sollicited of the Minister who presides over these dungeons, permission to visit me, he asked, as it were, with astonishment, how they could suppose me to be in the Bastille? The Governor has often sworn to several of them, on his word and honour as a Gentleman, that I was no longer confined there, and that I had not been detained there above eight days; for the public notoriety of my apprehension, and the care they had taken to have it executed by broad day-light and in the open street, would not permit him to maintain, as without doubt he otherwise would have done, that I had never entered the walls of the prison.

Thus a porter will often declare a falsehood at his master's gate, in obedience to his orders: but this is merely to prevent importunate visits; his falsehoods have an end, either of utility or convenience; he neither maintains them with an affected air of sincerity, nor with oaths: and, notwithstanding, his employ is thought a vile one. What then must be that of a Minister, of a Governor of the Bastille, who deceives but to torment, and whose falsehoods are productive of nothing but affliction?

I should be glad to be informed, what can be the design of all this affectation of mystery, in

leaving the public at large, friends, relations doubtful of the very being of a man whom they have ravished from them? it cannot be to facilitate the means of convicting him, and to render his punishment the more certain: for, first, this clandestine custody can be of no avail to those who are employed against him elsewhere, either to carry on the prosecution, or to execute the sentence pronounced upon him: secondly, my example proves, that the Bastille often contains prisoners whom they not only never intend to prosecute, but whom they have not wherewithal to arraign; and it is precisely these, whom they are most assiduous to cover with a veil of darkness. I repeat it once more, what can the design be?

The express institution of this prison being to distract the mind, and to render life itself miserable, (as one of my tormentors ingenuously acknowledged; a man, who, though honoured with the order of St. Louis, had not virtue enough to shudder at the idea of so horrid a function;) I conceive that this dreary solitude, this absolute ignorance in which they keep a prisoner with respect to what has been done, is actually doing, or is about to be done, either for or against him, are means admirably adapted to the end proposed. Nothing can be contrived or imagined more effectual to lead a man through each gradation of despair;

particularly, if he has the misfortune to be endowed with one of those lofty and active souls, which are apt to be shocked with a virtuous indignation at injustice, to which employment is a want, and suspence a punishment. But why make partakers of his torments, friends and relations, whom they pretend not to associate in his afflictions?

When a process is established, there is at least this alleviation; that the nature and extent of the accusation is known, the progress of the proceedings regular and open; the victim is not lost to view, till his sacrifice, or his triumph. Disquiet has its bounds, and grief its consolation.

But here, whilst the wretch removed from every eye accuses his family and friends of neglecting him, they are trembling lest their remembrance of him should be imputed to them as a crime: his captivity depending on caprice, and his chains being liable to be knocked off every moment, or to be perpetuated without end, each day is to those who long to see him, as it is to the unfortunate man himself, a complete period, in which they exhaust all the anguish of suspence, all the horrors of privation: in the morning their tears flow on the recollection of his sufferings, and in the evening on the anticipation of what he is yet to suffer; while it is impossible for them to conceive when they will terminate; or, if the imagina-

tion should attempt to fix their bounds, it is but a preparation of renovated misery.

The Tyrant, who first founded this prison, had his view in so horrid an institution; which was to get rid, with all possible privacy, of such persons as the executioners themselves would refuse to assassinate. When he had once prescribed an innocent person, for the innocent only are proscribed, whilst the guilty are judged, he wished to have the epoch of his death unknown, that he might fix it precisely at the very moment most agreeable to his interest or his vengeance.

But Lewis XVI. is not Lewis XI. the one is as humane, as the other was barbarous: the one respects as much justice and the laws, recommends and enjoins as urgently the observation of them, as the other took delight in having them trampled on, and giving himself the example of the violation. Whence then does it arrive, that the humanity of Lewis XVI. connives at the continuance of an institution invented by the tyranny of Lewis XI? How comes it, that under a Prince to whom law is sacred, and the blood of mankind precious, his subjects are liable to the same catastrophe, as they were under a Sovereign, to whom an execution was a favourite amusement, who called the executioner his *Cousin*, and never went abroad but under the escort of a Satellite, another of his cousins, but more savage and

more sanguinary than all the executioners together?

Further, if it was the enormity of the crime, or the rank of the delinquent, that should require this strange and perilous concealment; if this funeral veil was thrown only over those whom the magnitude of their offences had devoted to immediate punishment, or over those who, given to intrigue and cabal, might be formidable from their birth, their riches or their connexions; there would be some excuse, or at least some pretext for it.

But the Bastille, like death, brings to an equality all whom it swallows up: the sacrilegious villain, who has plotted the destruction of his Country; the undaunted Patriot, guilty of no other crime but that of maintaining her rights with too much ardour; the wretch, who has betrayed for gold the secrets of the cabinet, and he who has dared to speak truths to Ministers, useful to the State, but repugnant to their interest: as well he who is confined lest he should become a dishonour to his family, as he who is only obnoxious on account of his talents, are all overwhelmed alike in uniform darkness.

And, let it be considered well; this darkness is double: it prevents them from seeing, no less than from being seen: it not only deprives the prisoner of the knowledge of everything that

personally interests him, of the power of inspecting the state of his private affairs of preventing either by definitive or provisional arrangements his own ruin, and sometimes that of his correspondents; and, above all, that of informing his friends, and confuting his enemies; in short, of every kind of useful occupation: but it also covers from his sight the view of public affairs, and every thing else that might have a tendency to amuse or divert his solitude. Become an outcast from society he is not permited even to know what is going forward in the world. There may perhaps be in these dungeons, a man, who is daily solliciting with his prayers Lewis XV. and the Duke *de la Villière;* he thinks them still the living forgers of his chains: he is incessantly on his knees before the images of those two persons, of whom nothing remains at present but the memory; and the officers of the prison, witnesses of his error, are so stupidly reserved, or so cruelly scrupulous, as not to acquaint him with it.

From this total ignorance of what is, and what is not, there results an infinity of effects calamitous to the deceived and unfortunate prisoner. For example, if he has been sacrificed to the personal vengeance of a man in power, he has not the consolation of beholding the fall of a colossus, whose elevation has been fatal to him. Neither can he take the advantage of it, since it is a

circumstance which he is entirely uninformed of: and, if he has not very zealous friends; if his family is timid or obscure, indifferent or disaffected to him; the oppression still subsists, although the oppressor is no more. The successor turns his thoughts rather to the exertion of the same authority, than to remove the evils it has occasioned. The prisoner continues immured in the Bastille, not because it is intended that he should remain there; but because he is there, because he is forgotten; because interest is not made at the proper offices; and because nothing equals the difficulty of getting out of that murderous pit, except the facility of falling into it.

I can produce an example, besides my own, and that without calling any one into question. Whilst I was in the Bastille there was a native of Geneva, by name *Pellisseri*, confined there. His sole crime was, having made some remarks on Mr. Necker's operations in the finance department. When I was by a very extraordinary accident informed of it, he had already been three years in the prison. Probably he is there still; and knows neither of the ruin of his Country, nor that of the Minister, whom he justly accuses of his own. There too perhaps he will continue, till chance, or possibly the mention I now make of him, may recall his memory to the minds of those moveable masters, who can over-rule the

immobility of the Bastille: perhaps they will at length be sensible how shocking it is to humanity and justice, that the name of the STATE should give a sanction to perpetuate the personal vengeance of a temporary Minister; that a stranger, an honest man, should be punished, for having been so enlightened, as to foresee what the Government should before have been well apprised of. For after all, what remains of the operations of Mr. Necker? If Mr. *Pelisseri* has been culpable in censuring them, what must those be who have destroyed them? (24)

Can one reflect without shuddering, that the horrors I am now tracing have been the reward of an indiscretion, which a few months later would have been an action, not only of prudence, but of necessity? The panegyrist of Mr. Necker would, doubtless, in the present state of affairs, soon be made a fellow-captive with his accuser: thus, whilst a despotism unrestrained by shame, multiplies at its discretion the victims of these dangerous and inconclusive speculations, their cries and supplications die away in the inaccessible avenues of the prison.

Again, let it be observed, that, as nothing can get admission, so nothing can find its way out of it: the very attempts which a prisoner may hazard, to procure, by means of his friends or patrons, either a pardon or a trial are intercepted

and smothered: should he be so indiscreet as to hint the quarter from which he may look for succour, the blood-hounds of the Police hasten to block up the passage, and to obstruct the efforts that be undertaken in his favour. They never leave it in his power to solicit those who are in a capacity to make interest for him, until he has exhausted, to the last drop, the bitter draught which despotism and hatred have prepared for him.

His letters, when he is allowed the means of writing, pass open to the *Police*, or are there broke open. The doleful lamentations of the captives afford no small amusement to the persons appointed to inspect them: they divert themselves for a short time with the various notes of the different birds they have in their cage, and then tie up carefully in a bundle together the several epistolary productions of the day; not to be applied to any use, but either to deposit them in some hidden magazine, or to burn them: and neither the persons who wrote them, nor those to whom they are addressed, ever see them or hear of them afterwards.

In the commencement of my captivity I resolved on imploring the favour of the Princes of the Blood Royal. Having been beforehand informed, that *Monsieur* and the Count *d' Artois* honoured me with their esteem, I flattered myself that they

would extend their bounty to me in my misfortunes. I consequently wrote to them, and sealed up the letters. Some time after, I was informed by the Lieutenant of the *Police*, that he had read my letters, but had not delivered them; that he had not authority to do it. On which I observed, that, as he knew the substance, he might make those noble Princes, from whom they were withheld, acquainted with it. To this he replied, that he had not access to men of their high rank. So a person not deemed worthy of approaching these great men, was allowed the liberty of opening their letters, of suppressing them, of rendering their good intentions and those of the King futile; in fine, of raising around me ramparts more insurmountable than all the magic castles, with which imagination has filled the regions of romance!

Let us now enter into the inside of these ramparts: let us now examine how those three-headed monsters, who guard them, act in the accomplishment of their abominable office, to render life an insupportable burthen.

The prelude to their operations, when a fresh victim is brought to them, is the *Search*. Their mode of taking possession of a prisoner's person, and their manner of shewing him the infernal property in which he will be held, is first to strip him of all his own. He is no less astonished, than

alarmed, to find himself delivered up to the searching and groping of four men, whose appearance is enough to belye their functions, and yet does but add to their infamy; of four men decorated with a uniform, which must give one cause to expect decency of conduct, with insignia, I repeat once more, which one would suppose to denote an *honourable* service.

They take away his money, least it should afford the means of corruption amongst them; his jewels, on the very same consideration; his papers, lest they should furnish him with a resource against the weariness and vexation to which he is doomed; his knives, scissors, &c. least he should cut his own throat, say they, or assassinate his jailors: for they explain to him coolly the motives for all their depredations. After this ceremony, which is long, and often interrupted by pleasantries and remarks on every article in the inventory, they drag him to the cell destined for his reception.

These cells are all contained in Towers, of which the walls are at least twelve, and at the bottom thirty or forty feet thick. Each has a vent-hole made in the wall; but crossed by three grates of iron, one within, another in the middle, and a third on the outside. The bars cross each other, and are an inch in thickness; and by a refinement of invention in the persons who con-

trived them, the solid part of each of these meshes answers exactly to the vacuity in another: so that a passage is left to the sight, of scarcely two inches, though the intervals are near four inches square.

Formerly each of these caves had three or four openings, small indeed, and ornamented with the same gratings. But this multiplicity of holes was soon found to promote the circulation of their air; they prevented humidity, infection, &c. A humane Governor therefore had them stopped up; and at present there remains but one, which on very fine days just admits light enough into the cell to make "darkness visible."

So in winter these dungeons are perfect ice-houses, because they are lofty enough for the frost to penetrate; in summer they are moist, suffocating stoves, to the walls being too thick for the heat to dry them.

Several of the cells, and mine was of the number, are situated upon the ditch into which the common sewer of the *Rue St. Antoine* empties itself; so that whenever it is cleared out, or in summer after a few days continuance of the hot weather, or after an inundation, which is frequent enough both spring and autumn in ditches sunk below the level of the river, there exhales a most infectious, pestilential vapour: and when it has once entered those pidgeon-holes they call rooms,

it is a considerable sime before they are cleared of it.

Such is the atmosphere a prisoner breathes: there in order to prevent a total suffocation, is he obliged to pass his days, and often his nights, stuck up against the interior grate, which keeps him from spproaching, as described above, too close to the hole cut in the form of a window; the only orifice through which he can draw his scanty portion of air and of light. His efforts to suck a little fresh through this narrow tube serve often but to encrease around him the fetid odour, with which he is on the point of being suffocated.

But woe to the unfortunate wretch, who in winter cannot procure money to pay for the firing, which they distribute in the *King's name!* Formerly a proper quantity was supplied for the consumption of each prisoner, without equivalent, and without measure. They were not used to cavil with men in every other respect deprived of all, and subjected to so cruel a privation of exercise, on the quantity of fire requisite to rarefy their blood coaguelated by inaction, and to volatise the vapours condensed upon their walls. It was the will of the Sovereign, that they should enjoy the benefit of this solace, or this refreshment, unrestrained as to the expence.

The intention, without doubt, is still the same: yet is the custom altered. The present Governor

has limited the proportion for each prisoner to six billets of wood, *great or small*. It is well known, that in Paris the logs for chamber use are but half the market size, being sawed through the middle: they are no more than eighteen inches in length. The œconimical purveyor is careful to pick out in the timber-merchants' yards the very smallest he can find, and, what is as incredible as it is true, the very worst. He chuses in preference those at the bottom of the piles, which are exhausted by time and moisture of all their salts, and for that reason thrown aside to be sold at an inferior price to the brewers, bakers, and such other trades as require a fire rather clear than substantial. Six of those logs, or rather sticks, make the allowance of four and twenty hours for an inhabitant of the Bastille.

It may be asked, what they do when this allowance is exhausted? They do as the honourable Governor advises them; they put up with their sufferings. (25)

The articles of furniture are worthy of the light by which they are exhibited, and the apartments they serve to decorate. I must first observe, that the Governor contracts with the Ministry to supply them; and this is one of the trifling perquisites attached to his immense revenue, which I shall take notice of presently. He may frame excuses for himself, with regard to the inconveniences of

the prison, because he cannot change the situation of places; he may palliate the niggardly distribution ot wood, under the pretext of saving the King's money. But on the head of furniture, which is entirely his own affair, and for which he is paid, he can have neither excuse nor palliation: his parsimony in this particular is at the same time both cruel and dishonest.

Two mattrasses half eaten by the worms, a matted elbow chair, the bottom of which was kept together by pack-thread, a tottering table, a water pitcher, two pots of Dutch ware, one of which served to drink out of, and two flag-stones to support the fire, composed the inventory of mine. I was indebted only to the commiseration of the turnkey, after several months confinement, for a pair of tongs and a fire-shovel. I could not possibly procure dog-irons; and whether it may be considered as the effect of policy, or want of feeling, what the Governor does not think proper to furnish, he will not suffer the prisoner to provide at his own expence. It was eight months ere I could gain permission to purchase a tea-pot; twelve before I could procure a chair tolerably steady and convenient; and fifteen ere I was allowed to replace, by a vessel of common ware, the clumsy and disgusting pewter machine they had assigned me.

The sole article I was allowed to *purchase* in

the beginning of my imprisonment, was a new blanket; and the manner by which I obtained this privilege was as follows.

It is well known that in the month of September the moths which prey upon woollen stuffs are transformed into butterflies. On the opening of the cave into which I was introduced, there arose from the bed, I will not say a number, or a cloud, but a large thick column, of these insects, which instantly overspread the whole chamber. The sight caused me to start back with horror; when I was consoled by one of my conductors with the assurance, *that before I had lain there two nights, there would not be one left.*

In the evening the Lieutenant of the Police came according to custom, to bid me welcome; when I expressed such a violent dislike to a flock-bed so full of incumbents, that they were graciously pleased to *permit* me to put on a new covering, and to have the mattrass beaten, all at *my own expence.* As feather-beds are entirely prohibited in the Bastille, doubtless because they are considered as too great a luxury for persons to whom the Ministry wish to give a lesson of mortification, I was very desirous that every three months my miserable mattrass should be suffered to undergo the same kind of renovation. Yet the proprietary Governor opposed it with all his might notwithstanding it would have cost him nothing; "for,"

said he, "we must not use them to too much indulgence."

Madam de Staal informs us, that she got her room lined with tapestry. Whether she owed this condescension to her quality as the favourite of a great Princess, or to the manners of the age, which retained even in the Bastille some tincture of humanity, as may be inferred from other circumstances in her relation, I shall not take upon me to determine. Thus much is certain; that all these indulgences are now considered as abuses, which were to be retrenched by the stern regularity of modern times. My urgent applications, to obtain at my own expence either some cloth to absorb the moisture of the walls, or paper, whence I might have derived the same benefit, with the further amusement of pasting it on myself, were made and repeated to no effect.

In my chamber these walls had a most dismal appearance. One of my predecessors, whether a painter by profession, or one who cultivated the art for his amusement, got leave to daub over the apartment, after a manner; and he at any rate had the satisfaction not to be so totally excluded from every thing to employ his hands, or occupy his attention. The chamber is an octagon, with four large and four small sides: they are all lined with pictures very suitable to

the place; namely, the representation of our Saviour's sufferings.

But whether through choice, or because they would allow him but the one colour adapted to the subject and the apartment, he had done them all in oker; whence their gloomy uniformity may be easliy imagined. After the flight of the butterflies, when I cast my eyes on those pannels, which the obscurity of the chamber rendered still more dismal, and could discern nothing but figures of grief, punishment and execution, without distinguishing the particular subject; what we have heard of the *Oubliettes*, what we know of the *Sambenitos*, instantly recurred to my imagination: and I firmly believed, that those figures were so many emblems of the lot which awaited me, and that they had put me in this dungeon to prepare me for it. I commended myself to the mercy of the Almighty. Souls endued with sensibility! judge of the horrors of the moment.

Thus provided as to furniture and lodging, if the captives were but allowed the privilege granted to the convicts in such prisons as are under the direction of *justice* alone, that is to say, an intercourse with each other, the means of conversing and forming connexions, which the necessity of other situations may excuse, even between the honest man and one of an opposite character, but which in the Bastille might often be founded

on reciprocal esteem; though they would still be sensible of their distress, yet would they become the more capable of supporting it. There are certain liquors, which when separately taken are disgusting, but when mixed are rendered more agreeable to the palate. It is the same with misfortunes. But it is precisely this amalgamation of sighs, that the officers of the Bastille are so assiduous to prevent; when a prisoner might contrive to diminish of his sorrows, would be so much retrenched from their enjoyments. They might aptly take for a device, Caligula's address to the executioners whom he employed: *Strike so as to make him feel his death!*

From the moment a man is delivered into their hands, he is lost, as I observed before, to the whole universe: he exists only for them; for they are no less careful to prevent all correspondence within among their victims, than they are to exclude all communication from without. *La Porte*, and others, speak of an intercourse which they had with each other, by means of chimnies, &c.

Again let me observe, that it might have been the case in their time: but at present the tunnels of the chimnies are traversed, like the windows, by three iron grates, one above another; the first of which is at the distance of three feet from the hearth; and the mouths of the chimnies are raised

several feet above the roof: the privies, a very rare accomodation, for I believe there are only two rooms in the whole prison provided with them, are secured with the same kind of grating: many of the rooms are vaulted; the others are covered with a double cieling.

When they think proper to order a prisoner down stairs, whether for an interrogatory, if he be so forunate as to obtain one; or to attend the Physician, if not so ill as to be under the necessity of being visited in his cell; or for the sham exercise of a walk, which I shall notice presently; or merely through the caprice of the Governor; he finds all silent, desert and obscure. The dismal croaking of the turn-key, by whom he is guided, serves as a signal for all to disappear, who might either see, or be seen by him. The windows of that part of the building where the principal officers hold their latent residence, of the kitchens, and of those parts where strangers are admitted, shield themselves instantly with curtains, lattices and blinds; and they have the cruelty not to proceed to this operation till he is in a situation to perceive it. Everything is thus calculated to remind him, that within a few paces of him there are men; such perhaps as it would be the highest gratification for him to see, since th are so extremely anxious to conceal them: so that the torture is increasing in proportion to his curiosity;

his agonies are multiplied in proportion to his attachments.

For a long time I imagined, that I had for a fellow-prisoner, a Person whose safety alone would have been a solace sufficient to counterbalance all my other misfortunes, and whose apprehension, had they been able to effect it, would have been the completion of them. The answers that my interrogatories on this head extorted, were calculated only to confirm my suspicions: for these refiners on the art of tormenting, never fail, when they can find an opportunity, to blend an habitual silence, which puzzles and distracts you, with a simulated sincerity, which drives you to despair; whether they speak or are silent, you are sure to suffer no less from their freedom than from their reserve.

It is by these manœuvres that father and son, husband and wife, nay a whole parentage, may at once be inhabitants of the Bastille, without so much as suspecting themselves to be surrounded by objects so dear to them; or may languish there in the persuasion, that one common distress involops the whole race, though a part may have been fortunate enough to escape it. When a Governor of St. Domingo took in his head, a few years back, to rid himself one morning of the Courts of justice, and to pack all the officers together in a vessel for France, immediately on

their arrival, this whole American Parliament were lodged in the Bastille.

There these poor men found the servitude more oppressive than that of their own negroes: their confinement lasted eight months; during which not one knew what was become of the others. At length they were tried, and declared innocent: and all the indemnification they got, was permission to return, and resume their employments!

But if they are so careful to hinder the captives from having the slightest intercourse, or even the most distant knowledge of each other, they are not so scrupulous of making them acquainted that they are not alone in misfortune. Those double floors, those vaulted roofs, impervious to consolation, are sure indexes to point out to the wretched prisoner, that there is, above or below him, another wretch, whose condition is no less lamentable than his own. The doors, the keys, the bolts, are not silent: the creaking of the first, the clattering of the second, and the hollow jarring of the last, resound from afar along those flights of stone that form the stair-case, and echo dreadfully in the vast vacuity of the towers. Hence it was easy for me to compute the number of my neighbours; and this was a fresh source of sorrowful reflexion.

To be sensible that you have over your head, or under your feet, an afflicted being, on whom you

might confer, or with whom you might participate, comfort; to hear him walk, sigh; to reflect that he is but three feet distant: to consider the pleasure there would be in breaking through that narrow space, together with the impossibility of effecting it; to have cause for affliction, no less from the bustle that announces the arrival of a new comer, who is to partake of, without alleviating your bondage, than from the silence of the dungeons, that gives you notice of the happier lot of your former companions in misery, are punishments beyond what the imagination can conceive: they are those of Tantalus, Ixion, and Sisyphus, united.

But this anxiety is sometimes still more horrible. I am convinced that my fellow-captive in the chamber below mine died during my imprisonment; though I cannot say whether his death was natural, or inflicted. It happened, one morning about two o'clock, that I heard a prodigious uproar upon the stair-case: a vast number of people were ascending the stairs in a tumultuous manner, and advanced no farther than the door of that chamber: they seemed there to be engaged in much bustle aud dispute, and to be running frequently backwards and forwards: I heard very distinctly repeated struggles and groans.

Now was this an act of succour, or an assassination? Was it the introduction of a Physician, or

an Executioner? I know not: but three days after, about the same hour in the morning, I heard, at the same door, a noise less violent: I I thought I could distinguish the carrying up, the setting down, the filling, and the shutting of a coffin: these ceremonies were succeeded by a strong smell of juniper. In another place these proceedings would not have caused so much alarm: but judge what an impression must they not have made, *in the Bastille;* at such an hour, and at so small a distance!

Whilst the regimen of the Bastille places by these means, and by others which I shall advert to presently, the life of every one thrown into it, in the hands of his keepers; it will also have his fate dependent on them alone. They are conscious, and it is one of their principal enjoyments, that their regimen is productive of nothing but despair: they are well aware, that there are moments, when such in particular of their victims, as have not had their courage awed by crimes, or their sensibility enervated by habitual slavery, would be tempted to put an end, by a transitory pang, to so tedious a succession of agonies: and that is precisely what they labour to prevent. They are even more apprehensive lest one of their captives should evade the torments they inflict on him, by death, than by any escape. This *Phalaris* of a Governor is, above all, anxious that his prisoners may feel

to the utmost the fiery tortures of his *bull;* and, by an art peculiar to the Bastille, the multifarious precautions, which they adopt in order to obviate this pretended danger, are no less humiliating than painful; are as fit to foment a desire of the catastrophe, which they are calculated to prevent, as they are to hinder the execution of it.

I observed that a prisoner was not permitted to have scissors, knife, or razors. Thus, when they serve him with provision, repelled by his sighs and watered by his tears, it is necessary that the Turnkey cut every morsel for him. For this purpose he makes use of a knife rounded at the point, which he is careful to put up in his pocket, after each dissection.

One cannot prevent the nails from shooting out, or the hair from growing. But a prisoner has no means of getting rid of these incumbrances without undergoing a fresh humiliation: he must request the loan of a pair of scissors; the Turn-key stands by while he is using them, and carries them off immediately after.

As to the beard, it is the Surgeon's business to shave; and this office he performs twice a week. He and the Turn-key, Agent, or Super-intendant to all that passes in the Tower, carefully watch that the hand of the prisoner does not approach too near the formidable instrument: like the axe of the Executioner, it is developed only at the

moment of using it. They still remember, in the Bastille, the disturbance occasioned there by the temerity of Mr. *Laily;* though at a time when he little suspected his impending fate. He one day got hold of a razor, and in a jocular manner refused to give it up. That did not indicate any very desperate design; nevertheless the alarm-bell resounded throughout the castle. The guard was put under arms, and twenty bayonets pointed towards the chamber: perhaps they were even preparing the cannon; when peace was restored by the return of the dreadful tool into its case.

It is futile and ridiculous to urge the pretence, that this circumspection of theirs has for its object the security of the keepers, no less than that of the captives. What can be dreaded from a man loaded with such heavy chains, hemmed in by so many walls, encompassed by so many guards, and watched with so much attention? But whatever their motive for being afraid to leave him so miserable a resource, it is evident that it is despair they are the most apprehensive of. Now they know that this depair is the consequence only of their own re-iterated tortures; and they disarm his hands, merely to have it in their power to rend his heart with impunity.

I have often mentioned the *Turn-keys*, without explaining the nature of their office. They are the subaltern officers of the castle, and have charge

of all that relates to the service of the prisoners. This indeed is but trifling; for all they have to do is, to distribute the provisions throughout the cages within their respective districts. They visit them thrice a day, at seven o'clock in the morning, at eleven, and at six in the afternoon: those are the hours of breakfast, of dinner and supper. They are closely watched, lest they should make a longer stay than is requisite to deposit their burthen: thus in the twenty-four ages that compose a day, or rather a night, in the Bastille, a prisoner has but these three short reliefs.

The turn-keys are not even required to make the beds, or to sweep out the rooms. The reason assigned for it, is, that in the execution of this business they might be ill-treated, or perhaps assassinated. The justice of this pretext admits an enquiry; the thing itself is certain. Neither age, nor infirmity, nor delicacy of sex, can exempt the prisoners from this necessity; the man of letters, unaccustomed to these operations, and the opulent man no less unacquainted with them, are equally obliged to submit to the same etiquette.

The turn-keys indeed do not invariably conform to it: they sometimes render services that cannot be exacted of them. But they must do it with as much secrecy, as if they were holding an illicit correspondence with an enemy: the Fury disguised in the form of a Governor, who will take

the alarm if he cannot hear, as he passes by the dungeons, the groans or lamentations of his captives, would quickly punish them for their ill-timed lenity.

It is in this total silence, I must again repeat it, in this general desolation, in this void existence more cruel than death, since it does not exclude grief, but rather engenders every kind of grief; it is in this universal abstraction, it cannot be repeated too often, that what is called a Prisoner of State in the Bastille, that is, a man who has displeased a Minister, a Clerk in office, or a Valet, is given up without resource, without any other diversion but his own thoughts or his alarms, to the most bitter sentiment that can agitate a heart yet undegraded by criminality, to that of oppressed innocence, which foresees its destruction without the possibility of a vindication: it is thence that he may fruitlessly implore the succour of the laws, the communication of what he is accused of, the interference of his friends: his prayers, his supplications, his groans are not only uttered in vain; but they are even acknowledged by his tyrants to be useless: and this is the only information they vouchsafe him. Abandoned to all the horror of listlessness, of inaction, he is daily sensible of the approaching close of his existence; and he is at the same time sensible, that they prolong it only to prolong his punishment. Derision and insult are

added to cruelty, in order to increase the bitterness of privation.

For instance, at the end of about eight months, I conceived the idea of eluding the tedious hours of my confinement by a recollection of my past mathematical studies. I accordingly applied for a case of instruments; and took care to limit the size to *three inches*, in order to obviate all pretext for a refusal. This favour I was obliged to sollicit for the space of two months; perhaps a Cabinet Council, was convened to consider of it. It was at length granted: the case arrived—but without compass. On signifying my disappointment at it, they informed me coolly, that *arms* are prohibited in the Bastille.

I had to sollicit afresh, to petition, to memorialise, to discuss seriously the difference between a mathematical case of instruments and a cannon. After another month, thanks to the charity and to the invention of the Commissary, the compasses were brought. But in what fashion?——made of bone. Of such substsnce had they fabricated, at my expence, all that in a case of instruments should be made of steel.

I still preserve this new-fashioned piece of geometrical apparatus. After having kept it as the ornament of my study whilst I live, I shall be careful that after my death it shall be consigned to some magazine, or museum, where it may not

be at a loss for spectators. It will there hold a distinguished place amidst the monuments of barbarian industry, of which travellers sometimes favour us with a sample. No invention of the most ingenious among the savage tribes can be more deservedly an object of public curiosity.

In consequence of that principle, that the man, on whom the King, or rather the Minister, has thus laid his hand, must become invisable without redemption, they have resolved that the existence of the prisoners should be confided in the hands of those who are employed to secrete them; in order to render their underhand, clandestine practices consistent. The Governor finds them in provisions by contract, and gains an immense profit by a kind of regal sixpenny ordinary.

Government has founded fifteen places in the Bastille, the salaries of which are paid, whether they are occupied or not at the rate of ten French livres, or eight shillings English *per diem.* Hence the Governor of the castle draws a revenue of near 2500l. *per annum.*

But that is not all: in drawing up a *Lettre-de cachet*, which gives him a new Boarder, they add to the primitive foundation so much *per* head, proportioned to the quality of each respective rank. Thus, a Plebeian, or one of the lowest order, brings to the general mess, over and above the pistole allowed on the establishment, half a crown

extraordinary *per diem*; a Tradesman, or Civilian of the ordinary class, four shillings; a Priest, a Financier, or a common Judge, eight shillings; a Counsellor in Parliament, twelve shillings; a Lieutenant-General in the army, a Guinea; and a Marshal of France, a Guinea and a half. In this Ministerial *cadastre* (27) I know not the rate allotted for a Prince of the Blood Royal.

They have, besides, granted to the Governor the privilege of stowing in his vaults near an hundred buts of wine free of all duties. This is no inconsiderable object, and, it should seem, would render it the easier for him to provide for his lodgers in a handsome manner.

But let us see how far it is attended with such effect. He sells this indemnity to a Publican of Paris, named *Joli*, for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling; and takes in exchange the very worst kind of wines, for the prisoners' consumption; which wine we may justly suppose, is no better than vinegar. He considers the establishment of eight shillings *per* day as part of the income attached to his office, which he is to give no account of, and which has nothing to do with the reckoning on the head of subsistence. On this he employs only the extraordinary surplus, which the liberality of the Sovereign destined merely to augment it; and this very surplus he is careful not entirely to expend. The detail of

these particulars is rather ignoble: nevertheless, it is extremely requisite they be made known. There are prisoners in the Bastille, who at a meal are not allowed above four ounces of meat. These portions have been weighed more than once. The inferior Officers know the fact, and lament it. (28) Nothing could be more easily verified, if the Minister would shield from the resentment of their chief, the Subalterns who might disclose his sordid peculation.

There were some tables, indeed, better supplied; and mine, I allow was of the number. But is this abundance a good, or an evil, to those whom it is granted? This is a question I cannot answer with precision. Though it carries, a more honourable appearance, perhaps it may conceal some dangerous artifice. I have known several who during their confinement in the Bastille have lived on milk alone: others, as Mr. *De la Bourdonnaie*, have sollicited and obtained permission to be served with provisions from their own houses. They constantly refused me this privilege, and even, for the first eight months, that of buying any article whatever, as I have already observed, although I had money deposited in the hands of the Officers.

I made amends for this, by the most scrupulous attention to eat but little of every dish; to wash several times whatever had a suspicious appear-

ance: yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, I could not entirely escape what I dreaded with too much reason. The eighth day of my confinement I was seized with a cholic and a vomiting of blood, to which I was afterwards ever subject; a disorder, of which the re-iterated attacks indicated the frequent renewal of the cause.

On this subject I was neither doubtful nor silent. I wrote an hundred times to the Lieutenant-General of the Police, that they were giving me poison. I declared the same thing verbally to his substitute; I declared it to the Physician, to the Surgeon, to the officers themselves of the Castle: all the answer I could ever get was an insulting laugh.

"If they wished to poison you, how comes it "that you are still alive?" many persons have said, when I recounted these extraordinary symptoms; and the same objections may now perhaps be suggested by my readers: but a little reflection will quickly do it away. No, most assuredly; I never could have survived the murderers design, had it been that of Government, of the Minister: but my present existence, which I impute to the strength of my constitution justifies him alone. Can we suppose that hands, which would be ready to execute so base a villainy, if he was capable of requiring it, would have virtue

to resist a lucrative solicitation from another quarter?

By the unaccountable regimen, of which we are speaking, nothing that may serve either to amuse or to console a prisoner is allowed to approach him; but whatever may contribute either to afflict his mind, or to injure his health, finds no such difficulty of admittance. There are four officers of the higher order; the inferior order consists of four Turn-keys; and the kitchen is provided with the same number of Cooks or Scullions. These twelve persons are well informed whom they serve, notwithstanding the ridiculous affectation, with which it is pretended to keep them in ignorance of it: they are all permitted to go out, and to mix every day with the inhabitants of the city: there they have houses, wives, friends, acquaintance. Is it so difficult a matter, then, to find a single villain in a society whose office is but a tissue of flagitious actions? or is it more so for him, who is once suborned, to discern what part he is to give the mortal blow to, since he is not denied access to any? But we cannot suppose them capable of such horrible barbarity! Could we suppose them capable of those already described?

So far is this danger from being imaginary, that they formerly posted in the kitchen a centinel, whose business it was to examine, and keep

account of all who approached the fire-places, or the stoves. This precaution, still more salutary than offensive, has for some years back been omitted: are the evil designs, the practibility of which it clearly indicated, become more difficult to perpetrate?

That, of which I was the object, was not consummated: but the loudness of my complaints might have disconcerted the plan, and my cares in part may have rendered it fruitless. I do not mean to suggest, that all those to whom I revealed my suspicions on this head, were accomplices in the crimes by which they were occasioned. The real guilty person was perhaps afraid to verify too quickly my apprehensions, lest an enquiry should be the result of it. The habitual weakness under which I languished, the imminent danger I was in at the close of 1781, my death being then considered as inevitable, might have induced them to relax in their endeavours, and to think all attempts of that tendency superfluous.

But even supposing I was mistaken in the cause I assigned for events, the ill effects of which I still carry about me; allowing these apprehensions and symptoms to have been merely the product of an imagination disordered through too much susceptibility; is it not shocking that the confinement of the Bastille should be calculated to produce fears of that nature, by rendering it

impossible for a prisoner to avoid those secret machinations which give rise to the dread he labours under?

After all, this dispute is merely verbal. I will admit, that in a place, where the Italian *Exili* (29) kept about a century ago a school for poisoning, they have not preserved any one of his receipts; and that a single additional cruelty may be repugnant to men, whose office, I repeat again, is the continual perpetration of cruelties: but will not a residence of twenty months, with all its concomitant evils, in a place where existence is but a repetition of tortures worse than death, essentially impair the source of life? Will near two years passed in these dungeons, without air, without exercise, in all the horrors of listlessness, in all the anguish of suspence, or rather of despair, make less impression on the vital organs, than the most efficacious poison? It may be slower: but is it less certain? Between these two methods of destroying, what difference is there but the time?

But are they totally deprived of air and exercise, say they who have read the ancient accounts of the Bastille, and even they whose curiosity has led them to visit it? for it is not withdrawn from the inspection of the curious. The Governor, although his mansion is without, often enters the prison to receive his visitors; and in the prison all

his colleagues, from the King's Lieutenant down to the very lowest Scullion, receive their's. On days of rejoicing, when there is a display of fire-works or illuminations, the public are permitted even in crowds to ascend the Towers, that they may thence behold the sight to advantage. On such occasions they reflect the very image of peace and tranquility. All these gaping strangers are in perfect ignorance of what passes, and of what is shut up, within those impenetrable vaults, the outsides of which they gaze on with admiretion. Some one amongst them perhaps may tread on the sepulchre of his friend, his relation, his father; who thinks him two hundred leagues distant employed in his business, or engaged in his pleasures.

All, in short, who are favoured with this exterior examination, seeing a garden pretty large, platforms raised to a considerable elevation, where in consequence the air is pure and the view picturesque, and being assured that all this is in common allotted to the use of the prisoners, leave the Castle, fully persuaded, though the life in the Bastille may not be agreeable, yet that these alleviations render it supportable. This might have been the case formerly: I shall mention a fact that has happened lately.

The present Governor, named *De Launay*, is an ingenious man, and knows how to turn every

thing to the best advantage; he considered, that the garden might afford a handsome addition to his income; and for this purpose let it out for a certain annual stipend to a Gardener, who sells the roots and fruit that it produces: but, in order to make the better bargain, he thought it necessary to exclude the prisoners. A letter was therefore expedited, signed *Amelot*, which prohibited the prisoners from entering the garden.

With regard to the platforms of the Towers, though from their great elevation, it is impossible for any one to be recognized on them, or for him to recognize any one below; yet as they directly overlook the *Rue St. Antoine*, from which the public are not yet banished, prisoners were never permitted heretofore to walk there, unless escorted by one of the jailors, either an officer or turn-key. It was, however, discovered of late, that is, within these three years, that this talk was both unprofitable and toilsome; besides, that it afforded the prisoners an opportunity of conversing with the sentry. The vigilance of Mr. *De Launay* took the alarm: and partly in consideration of the ease of his colleagues, partly on account of the dangers he apprehended, a letter was dispatched, signed *Amelot*, which forbad the use of the platforms, as well as the garden.

All that remains then for walking in, is the Court of the castle. This is an oblong square,

ninety-six feet by sixty. The walls, by which it is surrounded, are one hundred feet high, without any aperture: so that it is in fact a large pit, where the cold is insupportable in winter, because the North wind rushes into it; in summer it is no less so, because, there being no circulation of the air, the heat of the Sun makes it a very oven. Such is the sole *Lyceum*, where those among the prisoners, who are indulged with the privilege of walking, a privilege that is not granted to all, may for a few moments of the day disgorge the infected air of their habitations.

But it must not be supposed, that the act of tormenting, with which they keep their captives in misery, is suffered to relax during this transitory interval: for it may easily be conceived, how little they can enjoy walking in a place so circumscribed; where there is no shelter from the rain; where nothing but the inconveniences of the weather is experienced; where with the appearance of a shadow of liberty, the centinels that surround them, the universal silence that prevails, and the sight of the clock, which is alone allowed to break that silence, present them with but too certain marks of slavery.

This particular may be worthy of a remark. The Clock of the Castle looks into the Court. It is covered with a handsome dial-plate: but, who would imagine the ornaments with which they

have thought proper to decorate it? Chains carved with much exactness, and highly finished. It is supported by two figures, bound by the hands, the feet and the waist: the two ends of this curious garland, after being carried all round the plate, return to form a prodigious knot in front; and, to signify that they menace both sexes alike, the Artist either inspired by the genius of the place, or else in pursuance of precise directions, has carefully made the distinction of a *male* and a *female*. Such is the spectacle, with which the eyes of a prisoner are regaled during his walk: a large inscription in letters of gold engraved on black marble informs him, that he is indebted for it to *M. Raymond Gualbert de* SARTINES. (30)

Yet do not imagine, that he enjoys as much of this as he could desire. The portion of time, that is allotted to each prisoner to view the sky, which he can do but in part, is measured out with the most œconomical exactness. This measure depends on the number of the confined. As one never enters till another is gone out, and as, thanks to the letters signed *Amelot*, this is the only funnel they are allowed to partake of, when the Bastille is full, the portion is very small. I perceived the arrival of a new guest, or of a new walker, by what was deducted from mine to contribute to his recreation.

But observe that you are not carried away with

the erroneous idea, that the enjoyment of this relief, thus modified, is peaceable and complete. This Court is the only passage to the kitchen, and to those parts where the Officers of the Castle receive their visitors; through it the purveyors of every kind, the workmen, &c. are obliged to pass. Now, as it is requisite, above all things, that a prisoner neither see, nor be seen; whenever a stranger approaches, he is obliged to fly into what is called the *closet*. This is an opening of twelve feet in length, and two wide, made in an antient vault. To this hole, which they term the *closet*, a prisoner must betake himself with precipitation, on the approach of so much as a man with a bundle of herbs; and he must be scrupulously careful to shut and fasten the door; for the smallest suspicion of curiosity would at least be punished with close imprisonment. This alternative will frequently occur: I have often reckoned in an hour, the term of duration for the very longest walk, three quarters of the hour consumed in that inactive and humiliating situation in the *closet*.

I know not whether this regulation is established by a letter signed *Amelot;* but sure I am, that it is of a recent date. Till of late years, no stranger was admitted into the Court after nine in the morning, without the most indispensable necessity: the provisions were ready prepared; visits were paid without; and the manœuvres of the *closet*

took place only on such occasions as might from their urgency seem to excuse it.

But that is not all: this walk itself, so insufficient, and so cruelly modified, as to be rendered rather an additional mortification, than a comfort, is suspended daily; and that by the arbitrary will of the Governor. If a curious person has obtained permission to visit the prison; if any repairs require the passage backward and forward of the workmen; if the Governor gives a grand dinner, which must occasion the frequent passage of his servants, his kitchen being within, and his dwelling without; for any one of these reasons the walk is prohibited.

END OF VOL. II.

MEMOIRS OF THE BASTILLE.

[COLLECTANEA ADAMANTÆA.—IV.]

MEMOIRS

OF

THE BASTILLE.

Translated from the French

OF THE CELEBRATED

MR. LINGUET,

WHO WAS IMPRISONED THERE FROM SEPTEMBER 1780 TO MAY 1782.

Edited by

EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE BASTILLE.

PART III.

IN 1781, during the hot weather for which that summer was remarkable, labouring under a vomiting of blood, oppressed by the heat of the season, and by a weakness of stomach though not occasioned yet fomented by it, I passed the whole months of July and August, without being suffered to quit my chamber. The pretext was, a work that was going forward upon the platforms. Yet the workmen might easily have ascended on the outside; and they did in fact ascend that way: all that it was necessary to convey through the

court was the stones and other materials. This operation might have been done, as formerly, every morning before nine o'clock. But M. *De Launey* thought that would be rather troublesome: it appeared much easier for him to, say *Let there be no walking!* and there was none.

In order to form an idea of the anguish of this privation, we must consider, that it is the last they can put in force to rack their prisoner; we must reflect, that it not only exposes him to physical inconveniences, and necessarily impairs his health; but that the motion of the body being the sole expedient to assuage the convulsions of the mind, by taking away that resource these are rendered the more poignant; that when he has not a single minute in the day to vary at least the nature of his torment, his heart ever heaving with sighs seems to beat with more pungent grief, and with stronger pulsations, against the walls with which it is environed on every side.

Thus in the prisons belonging to the ordinary courts of justice this rigour is considered as the most severe it is allowed to inflict on criminals, previous to their conviction. A *secret* custody, or absolute seclusion takes place only in those short intervals, during which the prisoner might derive from without, information repugnant to the execution of the laws. The motive for this concealment may be the particular situation of places,

or a regard to humanity, which leaving the prisoners a free and open communication permits the suspension in a single instance, by banishing one prisoner from the society of the rest, for as long a time only as the motive for this suspension may last: it becomes indeed necessary to prohibit the privilege to one, in order to preserve it to all the others.

And, besides, this temporary inaction is much alleviated, particularly if he is innocent, by the preparations for his trial. He sees his judges, his accusers, his witnesses; he knows the charges that are alleged against him. Whether they confront him, or only interrogate him, he has the satisfaction of not being alone; and whenever one of these conflicts is at an end, the intermediate solitude becomes precious, and even necessary to prepare for a second.

But, in the Bastille, not one of these motives, or of these solaces, can be admitted. The *secret custody* is there perpetual: all a prisoner's walks are solitary as his mansion: they can neither be an impediment to the trial, when resolved on, nor to the means or facility of conviction. This being the case, to step in with an arbitrary prohibition; to deprive a prisoner of the power of raising, for a few minutes in the day, his eyes swolen with tears, to the sun, which seems to avoid him, is the excess no less of injustice, than of cruelty.

What then shall we say, when no trial is intended; when this prohibition falls on men, against whom hatred and vengeance cannot even find the pretext for an arraignment; when it is kept in force for months together; when it depends on the caprice of a Satellite; whose baseness is equalled only by his barbarity; who, puffed up with the privilege of committing in his fortress outrages on men of worth and distinction with impunity, thinks himself powerful in proportion as he torments them, and honourable as he insults them in their affliction?

It may be urged, that these particulars apply rather to the character of the persons appointed to preside, than to the fundamental constitution of the prison. True: but it is of itself sufficiently severe, without receiving an addition from the capricious tyranny of Governors: and it does receive that addition; for, as I have before observed, the barbarities of the Bastille have been much increased within these few years. Formerly, they endeavoured to guard their prisoners: now they strive to make a sport of their miseries.

And, what may seem very extraordinary, the additions, whether inhuman or scandalous, with which the present government have enriched a regimen already so scandalous and inhuman, they have extended even to the very mercenaries whom they employ. In former times, as I have already

observed, the Officers of the superior order had a right to see singly, when they thought proper, the prisoner confided to their common vigilance. Being all reputed alike trusty, their particular visits gave neither cause for suspicion nor alarm: and, as there are four of them, there was often one to be found among them, whose heart was not so unsusceptible of pity, and who often consecrated some moments of the day to conversations ever pleasing to those who partook of them.

This mark of condescension displeased the Ministry; and a letter came, signed as before, which prohibited the Officers from entering alone into the towers, and which required them to go at least two at a time, without including the Turnkey. The visits of the Pbysician are restricted to the same formality. These bull-dogs are no longer suffered to walk but in pairs.

This monkish regulation has produced the desired effect, that is a total discontinuance of visits. It is difficult to find in such a pack two souls equally susceptible. Besides, it would be necessary to have the matter preconcerted, and for them both to be ready at the same moment: moreover there is no intercourse of *friendship* between them: they are mutually jealous and diffident of each other: debased, even in their now eyes, by their abominable office, they tremble at the interpretations that might be affixed to the

most simple expression : by the Adjunct, or rather the Spy, who must ever accompany them : finally, his innovation being an index of the increase of severity in the Government, it has operated in them towards the increase of insensibility. Thus is this trivial consolation no longer to be met with in the Bastille ; and it is only three years since it has been banished from it.

But with regard to the health of the prisoners, perhaps the reader may be curious to know what degree of attention they pay to it. *D'Argenson*, Lieutenant of the *Police*, in a letter to *Madame de Maintenon*, concerning State-Prisons, about the beginning of the present century, expresses himself in the following terms: "I can assure you that the prisoners have nothing to wish for, either in the articles of diet, or cloathing (31): and I may add, that the Governors of the *Bastille* and *Vincennes* manifest towards theirs, a *charitable* attention, beyond what could be either required or expected : on every slight indisposition they afford them all the assistance, both spiritual and temporal, their condition will admit ; but the *privation of liberty renders them insensible to every other benefit.*" . . . . .

Although we may be permitted to express our surprise at the coalition of those two words, *charity* and the *Bastille* ; though we may harbour our suspicions, from the indifference of the con-

cluding phrase, that M. *D'Argenson* in speaking thus conformed to the language of a *Lieutenant of Police*, that is to say, of a man devoted by his office to barbarity, and interested in the justification of those to whom he is necessarily an accomplice; we may, notwithstanding, suppose, that there was some colour of truth in his assertions. If so, things are vastly altered; and the fact will but serve to prove more fully the late augmentation of cruelty in a place, where from the beginning it appeared to have arrived at the extreme height of depravation.

First, as to those transitory complaints, or sudden attacks, which can only be obviated by ready assistance and immediate application, a prisoner must either be perfectly free from them, or must sink under them if they are severe; for it would be in vain to look for any immediate succour, particularly during the night. Each room is secured by two thick doors, bolted and locked, both within and without; and each tower is fortified with one still stronger. The Turnkeys lie in a building entirely separate, and at a considerable distance: no voice can possibly reach them.

The only resource left is to knock at the door: but will an apoplexy, or an hæmorrhage, leave a prisoner the ability to do it? It is even extremely doubtful, whether the Turn-keys would hear the

knocking; or whether once lain down, they would think proper to hear it.

Those nevertheless, whom the disorder may not have deprived of the use of their legs and voice, have still one method left of applying for assistance. The ditch, with which the castle is surrounded, is only an hundred and fifty feet wide: on the brink of the opposite bank is placed a gallery, called the passage of the rounds; and on this gallery the sentinels are posted. The windows overlook the ditch; through them, therefore, the patient may cry out for succour: and if the interior grate, which repels his breath, as was before explained, is not carried too far into the chamber; if his voice is powerful; if the wind is moderate; if the sentinel is not asleep, it is not impossible but he may be heard.

The Soldier must then cry to the next sentry; and the alarm must circulate from one sentry to another, till it arrives at the guard-room. The Corporal then goes forth to see *what is the matter;* and, when informed from what window the cries issue, he returns back again the same way, (all which takes up no inconsiderable time) and passes through the gate into the interior of the prison. He then calls up one of the Turn-keys; and the Turn-key proceeds to call up the Lackey of the King's Lieutenant, who must also awaken his Master, in order to get the key: for all, without

exception, are deposited every night at that officer's lodging. There is no garrison, where in time of war the service is more strictly carried on than in the Bastille. Now against whom do they make war?

The key is searched for: it is found. The Surgeon must then be called up: the Chaplain must also be roused, to complete the escort. All these people must necessarily dress themselves: so that, in about two hours, the whole party arrives with much bustle at the sick man's chamber.

They find him, perhaps weltering in his blood, and in a state of insensibility, as happened to me; or suffocated by an apoplexy, as has happened to others. What steps they take, when he is irrecoverably gone, I know not: if he still possesses some degree of respiration, or if he recovers it, they feel his pulse, desire him to have patience, tell him they will write next day to the Physician, and then wish him a good night.

Now this Physician, without whose authority the Surgeon-Apothecary dare not so much as administer a pill, resides at the *Tuilleries*, at three miles distance from the *Bastille*. He has other practice: he has a charge near the King's person; another near the Prince's. His duty often carries him to *Versailles*: his return must be waited. He comes at length: but he has a fixed annual stipend, whether he do more or less; and, however honest,

he must naturally be inclined to find the disorder as slight as may be, in order that his visits be the less required. They are the more induced to believe his representations, inasmuch as they are apt to suspect exaggeration in the prisoner's complaints: the negligence of his dress, the habitual weakness of his body, and the abjection no less habitual of his mind, prevent them from observing any alteration in his countenance, or in his pulse; both are always those of a sick man: thus he is oppressed with a triple affliction; first, of his disorder; secondly, of seeing himself suspected of imposture, and of being an object of the raillery or of the severity of the officers, for the monsters do not abstain from them even in this situation of their prisoner; thirdly, of being deprived of every kind of relief, till the disorder becomes so violent as to put his life in danger.

And even then, if they give any medicines, it is but an additional torment to him. The police of the prison must be strictly observed: every prisoner shut up by himself, by day and night, whether sick or in health, sees his Turn-key, as I have before observed, only three times a day. When a medicine, is brought him, they set it on the table, and leave it there. It is his business to warm it, to prepare it, to take care of himself during its operation: happy, if the Cook has been so generous, as to violate the rules of the house, by

reserving him a little broth; happy, if the Turnkey has been possessed of the humanity to bring it, and the Governor to allow it. Such is the manner in which they treat the ordinary sick, or those who have strength enough to crawl from their bed to the fire-place.

But when they are reduced to the last extremity, and unable to raise themselves from their worm-eaten couch, they are allowed a *guard*. Now let us see what this *guard* is. An invalid Soldier, stupid, clownish, brutal, incapable of attention, or of that tenderness so requisite in the care of a sick person. But what is still worse, this Soldier, when once attached to you, is never again permitted to leave you; but becomes himself a close prisoner. You must first, therefore, purchase his consent to shut himself up with you during your captivity; and if you recover, you must support, as well as you can, the ill-humour, discontent, reproaches, and vexation of this companion, who will be revenged on you in health for the pretended services he has rendered you in sickness. Judge now of the sincerity of *D'Argenson*, the Lieutenant of Police, when he insisted on the *temporal* comforts prisoners experienced in the *Bastille*, and on the charity of the *Governors*.

As to the *spiritual*, if these savages, equally incapable of shame and pity, were at least susceptible of remorse, would they dare even to pronounce

the word? What can it remind us of, but their outrages upon religion, for which they have no more respect, than they have for humanity?

First, let it be remarked, that every one is not permitted to go to *Mass* in the *Bastille:* this is a special favour granted only to a small number of elect. I confess, it was offered to me. The first day I was invited, they conducted me to a covered gallery, where I was to remain concealed, during the service: I did not, however, stay there long. Whatever slavery has of repugnance and horror, follows and oppresses you at the very foot of the altar.

They treat the Divinity at the *Bastille* much in the same manner as they do his likeness. The chapel is situated under a pigeon-house, belonging to the King's Lieutenant: it may be about seven or eight feet square. On one of the sides they have constructed four little cages or niches, each to contain just one person: these have neither the enjoyment of light nor air, except when the door is open, which is only at the moment of entering, or going out. There do they shut up the unhappy votary. At the instant of receiving the sacrament they draw aside a little curtain, the covering of a grated window, through which, as through the tube of a spying-glass, he can see the person who performs the service. This mode of partaking in the ecclesiastical ceremonies appeared to me so

shocking and disagreeable, that I did not a second time give way to the temptation of accepting their offer.

As to the *confession*, I know not how this matter is arranged: and I do not imagine that many of the captives, however devout, are desirous of having much to do with it. The *Confessor* is an officer of the higher order, on the establishment of the prison. Hence one may easily conceive with what security a prisoner might unbosom himself to this Confessor, supposing he had a conscience that wanted to be discharged. His office, then, is either a snare, or a mockery. It is beyond my conception, how they can have the audacity to propose to the prisoners in the *Bastille*, that they should open their souls to a base prevaricator, who prostitutes thus the dignity of his function; nor how a man, the hired instrument of the earthly power which oppresses them, can dare to address them in the name of Heaven that disavows him.

When a prisoner dies, whether after confession, or without it, I cannot say what they do with him; how they revenge themselves on the body for the flight of the soul, or where they suffer his ashes to rest, when they are unable to torment them any longer. Thus far I know, that they are not restored to his family. Surely, since the first establishment of the *Bastille*, some deaths must have happened in it: but who has ever seen a

mortuary extract dated from it, except that of *Marshal Biron?* Families are then abandoned without mercy to the confusion resulting from the absence of their head; and after the affliction they have suffered during his existence, they are denied even the sad consolation they might derive from a certain knowledge of his fate.

Readers, who have been but too much shocked at the barbarities I have already descanted on, you think yourselves, perhaps, arrived at the conclusion. It seems to you as if the imagination could not make a farther stretch in the art of devising torments beyond the multiplied refinements I have described. An assembly of executioners would reflect with indignation on the cool deliberation with which they were planned, and the calm indifference with which they are executed. Yet I think I can present you with something still more striking: I shall lay before you an anecdote that relates to me personally, and which exceeds all that you have hitherto heard.

From the 27th of September, 1780, to October, 1781, that is to say, during TWELVE MONTHS, I had not only remained in a total privation of all correspondence from without, or else in a correspondence worse than privation, as will be seen hereafter; but also in a no less absolute ignorance of all transactions, whether of a public nature, or relative to my own affairs, or, if they had suffered

any intelligence to reach me, it was such only as was calculated to add to my despair, and to deprive me even of the consolation I might draw from the hopes of better treatment. Nay, many particulars, through a refinement in cruelty which sets all the powers of language at defiance, were false, fabricated purposely to lead me into error, and to render that error more afflicting, or more fatal.

Thus they told me, repeatedly, with a sneer, that it was unnecessary for me to concern myself about what passed in the world, because I was there supposed to be dead; and they carried their deceit so far as to give me a detail of circumstances, which furious rage, or horrid wantonness had added to my pretended end. They assured me that I had nothing to expect from the zeal or fidelity of my friends; not so much because they were subjected to the same mistake with others concerning my death, as because they had *betrayed me.* This double imposture was intended not only to afflict me, but to inspire me with an unreserved confidence in the only traitor I had in reality to dread, whom they perpetually represented as the only faithful friend; and at the same time, to discover, by the manner in which I should receive these insinuations, whether I had in fact any secrets to expose me to treachery.

In October, 1781, the delivery of the Queen afforded me some glimmering of hope. This was

a circumstance which they could not conceal from me: the discharge of the cannon over my head, and the public rejoicings before my eyes, proclaimed it. As these events always mark in France an epoch for the remission even of crimes, I conceived the idea, that this might extend the same bounty to innocence. I wrote a short letter to the Count *de Maurepas:* knowing his character, I strove to make it gay, nay almost merry. It seemed to have some effect on him; and to have disposed him to second the voice of the Public, which had at length declared itself in my favour. This alteration of his sentiments was not concealed from me: but, least the circumstance should illude my mind with too consolatory reflections, they took care, at the same time, to inform me that he was dead; and that he died without having done any thing for me.

At length, in December 1781, my constitution giving way to so many trials and such variety of affliction; the physical and chymical operations, which for fifteen months had conspired with moral causes to undermine it, having now produced their effect; finding myself attacked in so brisk a manner, as not even to have the hope left, of being able to dispute the possession of my life any longer; perceiving every instant the approach of that in which I was about to lose, not the light of day, for I could not discern it, but the sensation

which rendered my existence the most excruciating torment, I began to think of making my WILL. For this an express permission was requisite. I petitioned for it, and begged the Ministers would allow me an interview with the public officer who alone could manifest my last intentions, that sole trustee, of whom I might acquire information indispensably necessary, in order not to make illusory dispensations.

On this subject I daily repeated, for the space of two months whilst my life was in danger, the most pressing, and, I may add, the most affecting intreaties. The Physician of the Bastille had the complaisance to carry in person to the Lieutenant of the Police, the Person acting immediately under the Ministry in affairs of this nature, a certificate of the state I was in, and of the imminent danger my life was exposed to. All the answer I obtained was a merciless refusal: so that, after being fifteen months considered as dead, deprived of all the faculties of a living person, excepting only that of suffering, I lost the hope itself of enjoying, after I should really have ceased to breathe, the last rights, which no country denies to the deceased; to those, at least, who have not been degraded by a solemn act of justice.

It was thus I passed the entire months of December 1781, and of January 1782, fully persuaded every evening, that I should not see the

do no otherwise than as he did, because there was no interest made for me.

So that the horrors of my captivity, the redundancy with which they heaped on me all the horrors of the Bastille, proceeded only from my misfortune in not being concerned in some dark and infamous intrigue; in not being sacrificed to a dextrous stroke of policy, which might conceal indulgence under the outward symptoms of severity; in having a Minister for a direct, personal, and implacable enemy, instead of an accomplice; in having no other protectors but men of worth; no other advocates but friends without influence; in short, in being committed by virtue of a *Lettre-de-cachet* signed *Amelot*, and not *Sartines*.

Who would have conceived that, of those two Ministers, M. *De Sartines* should be the *man of benevolence*.

The regimen of the Bastille is then neither so inflexible, nor so uniform: but was it even uniformly rigid, it would not be the less detestable; since this rigour would be exercised equally on different offences; and, what is still more horrid, alike on innocence and guilt. But it is not possessed even of this abominable stability; and it deviates from it only in direct opposition to what justice would prescribe.

The above example, together with my own, prove that it will admit of some modification;

that it is subordinate only to vengeance, or to the desire of the infernal monsters who direct it, to serve the resentment or the wants of their masters: they prove, that as the Ministry of France keep a good store of *Lettres-de-cachet*, ready signed, which they wait only the moment of applying to use, so they likewise have in reserve a good quantity of tortures which they produce only when the fatal order is carried into effect: they prove, that there is in the Bastille a book of rates to regulate the tormenting, no less than the dieting of each prisoner; and that in settling with the base suttler of a Governor, who has the charge of subsisting them, the price of the provisions destined to prolong their existence, they determine also the measure of gall with which they are to be poisoned.

Is the regimen of the Bastille instituted then purposely to torment? and whom? Persons of acknowledged innocence; since any well-founded suspicions are productive either of indulgent treatment, or a removal. And in whose name? In the name of the King, of the supreme Magistrate, who is by his birth the protector of the innocent, the guardian of the feeble. It is by his intervention that these cruel effects are operated: it is by his immediate order, that they declare themselves authorised to subject a wretch, who has given no offence either to him or to the laws, or to any

perfection, and to the true idea of the institution; since too much pains cannot be taken to convict or to disconcert dangerous persons, whose freedom might bring about the subversion of their country.

But the fact is otherwise: the *Bastille* is not reserved, particularly of late, for the reception of State Prisoners alone. The facility with which it is opened is redoubled in proportion to the inhumanity with which its government is conducted. Within these few years it seems to have been the preliminary of the most ordinary civil offences, the cognizance of which would appear to be the least susceptible, by their object and their issue, of this strange and terrible beginning. It is now in some measure become the anti-chamber of the common jail.

A Woman of quality is suspected of having forged, or negotiated *false bills:* she is committed to the *Bastille.*

A madman, cloathed with the insignia of a Magistrate of Paris, accuses a woman, who deals in hardward at Lyons, of having been the Treasurer of a Society long since suppressed: she is committed to *Bastille.* Released, after this absurd story loses credit, she has a dispute, on account of some domestic concerns, with a first clerk, who has a personal interest in her ruin: she is again committed to the *Bastille.*

A Deputy is charged with having been guilty of

by suffering, and from which even hope itself is oftentimes excluded; which daily swallow up citizens of irreproachable character, faithful and zealous subjects, who in vain from the bottom of those dreary abodes call on the name and virtues of their Prince; that sacred name, which in every other place is the surety for the execution, but here serves merely to authorise the infringement of the laws.

In signing a warrant for imprisonment, you think yourself only making a legitimate use of your authority, consecrated by the possession of several ages; an use necessary to the public repose, and from which no abuses take their origin: you suppose, that the execution of this order is attended only with the precautions necessary to secure it.

Beneficent even in the rigours which your high office compels you to authorise, you have given a thousand proofs of your inclination to alleviate evils which the preservation of society requires. By your ordinances, the prisons destined to ensure the conviction and the chastisement of vice, are become more tolerable and less oppressive; they are no longer a prelimiminary punishment, often more cruel than the final sentence. You have overturned the savage practice by which the Courts of Justice were authorised to put persons accused, or only suspected, to the torture, in order

the Bastille loaded with chains, which the pretext of the public good may justify, and pursued by a clamour which their crimes may excuse, find there uncommon indulgence, and a respect denied to all others.

I know not, for example, what misconduct had brought there, some time before me, a man who had been a clandestine agent, or in other words a spy, for the French navy. I am far from asserting that he merited his fate; but the accusation at least, on which the *Lettre-de-cachet* was founded, must have been heavy indeed. He had been concerned in a very delicate business, the success of which did not correspond to his hopes, perhaps to his promises. The Minister, who employed him, being accustomed by his old trade to consider secret intelligence as affording the finest field for a ministerial genius, and the most certain resource of government; thinking to manage the *Marine Department* like the *Police*, and flattering himself that he could lord it over the *English* fleet, in the same manner as he did over the entertainments of *Baris*, perhaps created this man his substitute in so degrading an office. Had he, as was imagined, in order to double his profits, been guilty of a double treason, always to be apprehended from these sort of Agents? Commissioned by France to buy the secrets of England, had he sold to England those of France?

Or did his Patron, misunderstanding his intelligence, or as was also asserted, being urged by personal interest to neglect it, think, on seeing the consequences of his folly or his prevarication, that he must throw the blame on the shoulders of his Deputy, and feign to suspect this man's integrity, in order to cover his own incapacity, or something worse? I cannot say.

What I know is, that this man experienced, of the punishments of the Bastille, no one but the loss of liberty: that, from the first moment, he was allowed books, and had permission to correspond with his friends: that whilst mine were justly alarmed by a silence no less calculated to deceive than to terrify, he was permitted to receive visits: that suspecting this, and being determined, in order to ascertain it, to incur the risk of mentioning it, in one of the rare and short interviews, with which I was favoured by the Lieutenant of Police, who was well known to be a friend and creature of M. *De Sartines*, he acknowledged the fact, and imputed the extraordinary regard shewn to the prisoner I named, to the *bounty* of the Minister, who was the author of his detection; and on the observation I naturally suggested, that the mode of treatment should depend on the nature of the accusation, and not on the personal qualities of each Minister, he made this very remarkable answer: *That he could*

thing which the laws require him to revere, to punishments unknown in the ordinary prisons, which are peopled with men either guilty, or at least accused, of some of those offences: it is *on the part of the King*, that they suffocate him in such a manner as not entirely to intercept respiration, but to leave him barely enough to prolong his agony; that they make a mockery of his sorrows; that they pride themselves on his misery; that they consider as so many triumphs the far fetched sighs forced out by his affliction: it is the King, whom they do not shudder to name as the author of those barbarous collusions which he is unacquainted with, of that ministerial vengeance which his heart disavows.

Yes, you are unacquainted with them; you, whom nature had given me for a Master, and whose virtues would have given me a protector if your throne were accessible to innocence, as it is to calumny; you, whose esteem would be the most flattering recompence, and the most powerful encouragement of my labours; you, whose frank and ingenuous soul is equally incapable of any sentiment of fear at my promise of always declaring the truth, or of disgust at my exactness in fulfilling it.

You are entirely unacquainted with dungeons, which, nevertheless, are opened and shut only in your name; in which existence is only measured

by suffering, and from which even hope itself is oftentimes excluded; which daily swallow up citizens of irreproachable character, faithful and zealous subjects, who in vain from the bottom of those dreary abodes call on the name and virtues of their Prince; that sacred name, which in every other place is the surety for the execution, but here serves merely to authorise the infringement of the laws.

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to try if by those means they could not render them criminal.

You are far from suspecting, that in your kingdom, in your capital, under your eyes, there exists a place specially devoted to perpetuate on innocence a *question* infinitely more cruel than all the *preparatory questions* you have proscribed; for these latter racked only the body; whereas those of the Bastille torment the body, the more effectually to distract the mind. You are far from suspecting, that they make arbitrary additions of their own to this infernal regimen; that the subaltern agents, appointed to maintain it, finds both satisfaction and profit in abusing it; that like those ravenous dogs, who tear and bite the game in fetching it, they take a pleasure in barbarity, when all that is required in them is fidelity and obedience.

But you shall continue no longer in this ignorance. Direct your eyes to those subterranean sepulchres, which the light has never enlivened with its presence. To enable me to point them out to you, two events were requisite, the one no less singular than the other; that I should enter them, and find my way out again. The second, which I owe to you alone, assures me, that the knowledge, for which I am indebted to the first, will not be unattended with advantage.

It will indeed cost me my Country. The

necessity of seeking for a tomb among strangers, alas! among enemies, will be the sole reward of all the sacrifices I have made to her. This is the last; and I shall be repaid for all the others, if this last should not be fruitless.

But it cannot be so: your heart is touched with sensibility; you shew marks of commiseration, of indignation: those emotions surely cannot arise in vain. Endued with all the power of a God to protect your subjects, and honoured with all his attributes, when you exert it, give to Europe, give to the world the sight of a miracle, which you are worthy to perform. Speak the word; at the sound of your voice, we shall behold the downfall of that modern Jericho, a thousand times more deserving than the ancient of the thunder of heaven, and the curse of men. The reward of this noble effort will be an accumulation of glory, an increase of the affection of your people for your person and family, and the universal benediction, not only of the present, but of every age to the remotest posterity.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

[One of the most curious of the many mysteries in which the Bastille has played a part, is that known as the Diamond Necklace.

The Diamond Necklace so fatal to the peaceof

the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was originally made in 1774 for the Countess Dubarry, mistress of Louis XV. Before it was finished, the king died, Dubarry was disgraced, and the jeweller, Boehmer, was in despair at having so costly a jewel on his hands. Carlyle thus describes this princely ornament, the costliest ever made:—"A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck at first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing down from behind in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot round themselves a very queen of diamonds on the bosom, then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now, lastly, two other inexpressible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves into a doubly-inexpressible sixfold row, and so stream down together or assunder over the hind neck—we may fancy like lambent zodiacal or Aurora Borealis fire. . . . It is valued at 1,800,000 livres; say, in round numbers and sterling money, between £80,000 and £90,000."

This magnificent necklace, with its 500 and more of fine stones, was hawked about by Boehmer to all courts in vain; he even obtained an audience of Marie Antoinette—who had previously refused the jewel, the exhausted treasury not permitting its purchase to be thought of—and with tears besought her to buy it, or allow him to drown himself in despair. The queen's sensible advice was to break it up and sell it piecemeal in the ordinary way, but this Boehmer could not bring himself to do.

An adventuress of the name of Lamotte, whose husband styled himself count, invented a desperate plan for procuring possession of the necklace. She persuaded the Cardinal de Rohan, who had been banished from the court for ten years, and hoped to regain the favour of the queen, that his good fortune was about to return; and by forged letters and false messages made him believe that the necklace was the price the queen had set upon her favour. The cardinal was to arrange the business details, and to become responsible for it. It is not necessary to recapitulate the shifts and tricks, even to inducing an actress to personate the queen at a nocturnal interview in the gardens of the Trianon Palace with the cardinal, to which Madame de Lamotte resorted, since they are told at length by Carlyle in one of the most amusing papers in his "Miscellanies" (The Diamond

Necklace.) Both jeweller and cardinal were duped by a marginal note, "Bon--Marie Antoinette de France," written upon the reduced terms Boehmer had come down to offer. The necklace was given over to the cardinal, who handed it to the queen's confidential valet, or rather to a conspirator who impersonated him. Lamotte and Villette (the valet) made off to England with the necklace, broke it up, and sold it for what they could. When the day for payment of the first instalment came the cardinal, raging at the queen's persistent neglect to summon him to court, refused to pay, and Boehmer therefore addressed the queen. De Rohan also, as a last resource, had gone to court, though uninvited. The cardinal and all the conspirators who could be reached were arrested. The queen felt her reputation was irretrievably tarnished by all these plots in her name; indeed the populace to the last believed her to have really entered into the scheme, and taunted her with it at her execution. Madame de Lamotte persisted in denying all guilt; but after a long trial she (in 1786) was imprisoned and branded as a thief. The rest confessed and were acquitted. Madame de Lamotte escaped from prison and from France at the Revolution, and died in London by falling or by being thrown from a window, after a career of misery. Her husband was not captured, but they do not seem to have met again. It was

never known exactiy what became of the diamonds.

When in London, in 1789, this Comtesse de Valois published what she called an account of the matter. The book was translated from the original French in the same year, each volume being authenticated with the signature of Madame de Valois on page 261 (wrongly numbered 231). Having in my possession a copy of this book, which is now extremely scarce, I believe the reader will be glad to have a few extracts from this extraordinary woman's account of her imprisonment in the Bastille.*—*E. G.*]

"On the 11th of August, I was carried to the Bastile, (already incensed against the Cardinal, who, in order to ensnare the Queen and save himself, threw all the blame upon me;) I perceived the Commissary Chénon advancing towards me; who, having had his lesson from the Baron de

* The title of the book is:

Memoirs of the Countess de Valois de La Motte, containing a compleat justification of her conduct, and an explanation of the intrigues and artifices used against her by her enemies, relative to the Diamond Neck'ace; also the correspondence between the Queen and the Cardinal de Rohan, and concluding with an Address to the King of France, supplicating a re-investigation of that apparently mysterious business. Translated from the French, written by herself.

Breteuil, asked me what I should say in my defence?—Recollecting then the letter I had received, but unwilling to go as far as the anonymous writer advised me I answered, that I would say, the Cardinal had made me a present of a quantity of diamonds, without my having a knowledge whether or not they belonged to the necklace. He advised me not to pursue that method, representing that it would prepossess the King against me. That would be acknowledging myself a mistress to the Cardinal; and in that case it would appear no wonder he should have made me such a present, 'say rather,' added he, that 'he gave them to be disposed of by you, to his advantage, and that you have remitted to him the sums received for them—that will wear the greater air of probability, and be infinitely more decent for you.'

"This was the first advice, that I confess myself weak enough to follow, and which, while it produced my ruin, preserved the Cardinal; because, it was not possible for me to prove that I had paid him the money; whereas had I pursued the mode I had planned, and said that he had given me a great number of diamonds; he would have been unable to prove the contrary: but it was not till some considerable time after that I felt the difference of those two declarations. The commissary, whom I plainly perceived to be the

instrument of the Baron de Breteuil, had made it his business to prevent me as much as possible from reflecting on my situation, and in order to fix my whole attention, had given me to understand that the Queen would protect, and speedily bring me out of the Bastile: 'An additional reason,' said he to me, 'for avoiding to speak of any present you have received; because the Cardinal would not fail to answer, that you had told him, those diamonds were presented to you by the Queen; in which case, her Majesty would be exposed, a circumstance you must take special care to avoid.' In vain I represented to him, that did I not comprehend how I could dispense with mentioning the name of the Queen, in a business, of which she had been the essential source. He answered, '*If you name her, you are undone.*'

"The Lawyer Doillot, whom Mr. de Breteuil in like manner sent me for a Counsel, began also by forbidding me ever to utter the Queen's name, assuring me, *from good authority*, that *she would protect me.* On the other hand, the Cardinal's party sought to engross me to themselves. De Launey, Governor of the Bastille, devoted to the house of Rohan, had placed near me, a certain Abbé Iequele, Chaplain to that horrid prison; whose principal employ was to pass from the Cardinal's apartment to mine, from mine to the

Cardinal's, and to concert our respective answers against the time we were to undergo our examinations.

"From every thing I have related, it appears that I was nearly in the case of a patient, to whom one physician says: 'If you eat you will die of indigestion;' another, 'if you do not eat you'll perish through mere 'want.' The fact is, that die I must; for seeing before my eyes the *sword* or *poison*, in case I mentioned the Queen's name, I took care not to do it; but then by not naming her, I fixed upon myself the guilt of purloining the necklace.—And indeed, from the moment it was apparent the Cardinal would extricate himself, either through the treachery or inability of my counsel, it became clear, that a victim must fall, and that I was destined to be the sacrifice. It is at once shocking and remarkable, that both the judges and evidences united to aim the mortal blow at me. The epitome of the examinations (which the public never had knowledge of, but through the *unfaithful* narrative of the impudent lawyer Target) would impress the mind with horror, if the records that contain it, were exposed to every eye. I will adduce a few passages, which I cannot have forged.

"We must not lose sight of a fact I have already mentioned, and which is now universally known; that is, that as well in the previous interrogatories,

as in the examinations, neither the Cardinal nor myself ever uttered one word of truth; the reason of which is very plain: that is, had we done so, it was *under penalty of forfeiting our lives*. Neither the Cardinal nor myself were to name the Queen; what therefore could we say, that bore resemblance to what the truth really was?—Secondly, as I have also previously observed, both of us being prepared to utter nothing but untruths, our depositions, declarations and various speeches, were a ready calculated game, in which it is evident, that, seeing the immense inequalities of our stations, the advantage could not be on my side; for I played the weak hand against whom? a great Queen and a powerful Lord! Was it possible that evidences, of the cast of those who appeared in this affair, should waver a moment between me and either of my adverse parties?—and indeed, what was the consequence? Why, that in all the affidavits, obtained at a vast expence, marks of bribery and corruption stare me in the face? I ask pardon of Monsieur Dupuis de Marcé, solicitor in the iniquitous prosecution, but I can prove him to have prevaricated to a scandalous excess. Let us refer only to one circumstance, the iniquity of the sentence, which crowned all the iniquities practised against me. Her Majesty was a powerful Queen, the Cardinal as powerful a Prince: I had nothing but the *name* of VALOIS to render me of any consequence.

"One day I was in reality '*wicked*' as those gentry were pleased to call me. They confronted me with Cagliostro, and that Mountebank, as rude as he is shameless, took the liberty to treat me with unbecoming language, which proved wonderfully entertaining to Mr. Dupuis de Marcé. I quickly put an end to the scene, by—throwing a candlestick at the *quack's* head, and turning towards Monsieur the Solicitor, I told him, that if he had an inclination to heighten the *denouement* of the farce, I requested he would supply me with a broom-stick. It was on that occasion I discovered a fresh piece of villainy in the junto. Cagliostro enraged and foaming at the mouth, said to me—'He will come, thy Villette, 'he will come; it is he that will speak.'——From what did he know that?——How did he know it?——Why did he know it?——It was then the time for interrogatories and examinations——I saw no soul living, and that knave Cagliostro knew every thing! Can there be a more striking proof of the scandalous confederacy that reigned between the accused, the prosecutors, the evidences and the judges? My *encounter* with Cagliostro originated from a circumstance rather ludicrous. He obstinately denied the cabalistic scenes acted at the Cardinal's, particularly the one in which HE HAD CAUSED MY NIECE TO SEE THE QUEEN IN A BOTTLE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE GRAND COPHTI,

AND THE ANGEL MICHAEL, WHO WERE DECLARING TO HER MAJESTY SHE SHOULD BE DELIVERED OF A MALE CHILD, &c. On that occasion, I told him, I knew how much the Queen despised him, that she called him a meer mountebank, an impostor, in short I acquainted him with those terms of disdain, in which she had refused the Cardinal her consent to see Cagliostro.—— 'apropos,' said I to him, 'Grand Cophti, has your prayer produced its effect? If it has so much efficacy, why don't you use it to get out of this place?' It was on that account he flew into a rage, and talked to me impertinently. The Solicitor asked what the purport of that prayer was; but as I had already entertained him sufficiently, I did not think proper to afford him farther satisfaction: I answered, that Cagliostro perfectly understood me, and that was sufficient; but I will show more complaisance to the public. The truth is, that at the period when the Queen wrote to the Cardinal, the subjoined letters in which she complained of the "vexatious behaviour of the Polignacs, &c." Cagliostro, whom he consulted, if his fingers did but ache, told him, "he had a secret for getting rid of people who gave umbrage;" and at the same time gave him two prayers with the manner of using them." The Prince's first care was to send them to the Queen, recommending to her the use of them, and to put

faith in them. As I had the charge of delivering those precious amulets, the Queen imparted them to me in a loud fit of laughter, and asked whether the Cardinal was going out of his wits, or if he took her for a simpleton? I do not remember the very words of those prayers, but perfectly well their use. One was to be applied below the left breast, the other in the pocket on the same side, and when the Queen had a mind to make any one fall at her feet, she needed only to place her two hands on the two prayers while she recited them, at that instant all were to be prostrate, all were to be at her command, and perform her will:——a circumstance which, after exciting her mirth, made the Queen say to me: 'I may very likely make trial of it.'

"Of the whole body of witnesses, that were collected together against me, none, (except the Sieur de Villette, who accused me of prevailing on him to sign *Mary Antoinette of France*, of which I have related the particulars) pretended to have any of the necklace; why therefore was I condemned as having stolen it? what proofs were there to maintain such an accusation?—none.

"It has been seen, that born of the blood of the VALOIS; *poor*, *proud* and *ambitious*, I blindly gave myself up to every means of obtaining the support I hoped for; that my intimate acquaintance with the Cardinal de Rohan, the man the

best suited to serve my views, soon led me on to an intimacy of another kind with the Queen: that the Cardinal, long since aiming at ministerial omnipotence; imagined from my intimacy with the Queen, I should prove a medium, by which he would obtain the fruition of his wishes, and conciliate all differences which subsisted, from the recollection of those indiscretions, that had drawn upon him the frowns of Majesty. It has also been seen, that he did not depend solely on that support; that the politics of the Emperor, with whom he had kept up an intercourse, were coincident with his views; but by what means I am at a loss to conjecture, unless by his inducing the Emperor to believe he could be very useful to him; if his Imperial Majesty would assist him in procuring for him the reins of government. It has further been seen, that the Queen, from an unjustifiable partiality and attention to her brother's interests, concluded she ought to sacrifice her resentment against the Cardinal, to the prosecution of every plan for the promotion of their interests; and even cherished this unpardonable crime to such an excess; as *to receive for he arms* the man whom she had, in her mind, previously intended to decapitate, as unrelentingly, as she has since carried on the shocking prosecution, aimed at his life; the whole weight of which, and its horrid consequences, have artfully been contrived to be

the lot of female weakness, of the unhappy VALOIS DE LA MOTTE.

"The reader must have noticed that the Cardinal, '*ruined*' (as a creature of the Queen's observed) '*both in a moral and physical view*,' adding to his other faults an unpardonable indiscretion, that of proclaiming every where those secret interviews of gallantry, which men of honour ever hold sacred; and even speaking in terms of regret of the moments in which he was indulged with favours of so peculiar and tender a nature, by relating to me, to the Prince of Soubise, the Duke of Lauzun, the Prince of Luxembourg, the Princess de Guémenée, Madam de Brienne, the Baron de Planta, to the Jewellers, and to twenty other people, how, when and in what manner he had those marks of favour conferred upon him at Trianon, and this to some persons, accompanied with the most indelicate and shameful anecdotes of the conduct of himself and his friend, counsellor and *chymist* CAGLIOSTRO. In short, all those monstrous reports having reached the Queen's ear, a very short time after the delivery of the necklace, his ruin was irrevocably doomed, and, indeed, was a circumstance at which no person seemed surprised. But what would appear astonishing beyond measure, in a private individual was, that the Queen, before she took any steps towards her revenge, did not return the necklace. The

astonishment, I confess, is natural, but her prudence is on a parallel with her sensibility, her partialities, her affections ; a mind for ever wavering; without consideration, without stability.

" Six of us were equally involved in the accusation; why, out of those six individuals, more or less guilty, is the *Countess de la Motte* alone condemned to punishment?

" Perhaps, Sire,* the day of retribution is come. ——I would not say *perhaps*, were I certain that these Memoirs will appear in your august presence, I would then cry out—'*I am now avenged.*'

" In this hope, which I am fond of indulging, I cast myself at your Majesty's feet.—Let not my approach alarm you, Sire: innocence cannot fade away, even under the malignant blasts of malice; you are able, with a breath, to restore it to its wonted bloom, a single word from you would reinstate me in my *honour*, before I quit your knees; command only, THAT MY CAUSE MAY AGAIN BE PLEADED, AND THAT IT BE SUBMITTED TO THE DECISION OF STRICT AND IMPARTIAL JUSTICE.

" My husband is ready, Sire, to perform what he has not ceased to petition for the liberty of doing, to surrender himself to the prison of the Conciergerie; I will accompany him thither; order

* Louis xvi.

its gates to be opened to us; let there be produced before us, ALL the persons more or less involved in this dark transaction.

"Then, Sire, your Majesty, being informed of the first imposition on your goodness, will happily be guarded against a second.

"Then the truth, which your justice and clemency sought for in vain, at the time of the first trial, will appear to you triumphant! then shall the unhappy DE VALOIS, casting herself at YOUR MAJESTY'S feet, presume to petition a last favour: THE FORGIVENESS OF HER ENEMIES.

London, January 1, 1789.

(Signed) COUNTESS DE VALOIS DE LA MOTTE.

END OF VOL. III.

[Collectanea Adamantæa.]

MEMOIRS OF THE BASTILLE.

[COLLECTANEA ADAMANTÆA.—IV.]

MEMOIRS

OF

THE BASTILLE.

Translated from the French

OF THE CELEBRATED

Mr. LINGUET.

WHO WAS IMPRISONED THERE FROM SEPTEMBER 1780 TO MAY 1782.

Edited by

EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE BASTILLE.

PART IV.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE BASTILLE.

THERE have been three of that name at Paris —the Bastille du Temple, the Bastille of St. Denis, and that of the Rue St. Antoine. It is the last which has obtained historical celebrity, and is usually denominated The Bastille. This fortress stood at the east end of Paris, on the north side of the Seine. It was originally

intended for the protection of the city, but afterwards was used as a state prison. Hugues d'Aubriot, prevost des marchands in the reign of Charles V., laid the first stone on the 22nd of April, 1369, by the order of that king. The Bastille consisted at first of two round towers, with an entrance between them. Afterwards, to render it stronger, two additional towers, parallel to the two first, were built, and the whole connected by walls. The building, however, was not completed till 1383, in the reign of Charles VI., when four more towers were added, of the same dimensions, and at equal distances from the first four, and the whole eight were united by masonry of great thickness, in which were constructed a great number of apartments and offices. The entrance to the city by the original gate was closed, and the road carried without the building. In 1634 a fosse, 120 feet wide and 25 feet deep, was dug all round; and beyond that a stone wall, 36 feet high, was built all round. Thus the Bastille became, from a fortified gate, one of the strongest fortresses of the kind in Europe. The towers contained several octagonal rooms, one above the other, secured with double doors, and without fire-places, each having one window pierced in the walls, which were rather more than 6 feet thick, unglazed, and with iron gratings. The only article of furniture, if it may be so called, was an iron

grating, raised about six inches from the floor, to receive the prisoner's mattress, and prevent its decay from the damp of the stone floor. To each tower there was a way by a narrow winding staircase. The apartments constructed in the walls which connected the towers were larger and more commodious than the others, and were provided with fire-places and chimneys, but with similar precautions for preventing the escape of prisoners. The rest of the Bastille consisted of two open courts—the larger, 108 feet by 77 feet, called the Great Court; the smaller, 77 feet by 45 feet, called the Court of the Well, was separated from the first by a range of buildings and offices, having a passage through them. The height of the building within was 78 feet, but greater on the outside next the fosse.

This prison was used for the confinement of persons considered dangerous by the government, who exercised their power in the most despotic manner. In general the treatment seems to have been very severe. The only prisoners who ever effected their escape from the Bastille were two persons of the name of Latude and D'Aligre, the narrative of which, published by Latude, is extremely interesting. Of all the prisoners in the Bastille none have excited curiosity so strongly as the still unknown person usually called the Man with the Iron Mask.

The Bastille was besieged and taken three times —in 1418, by the Burgundians; in 1594, by Henry IV.; and on the 14th of July, 1789, by the Parisians, from which day the French Revolution may be dated. On the latter most memorable occasion the garrison consisted of eighty-two old "Invalides," reinforced by thirty-two young soldiers of the Swiss Guard, and there was but one day's provision. The governor, De Launay, was asked for arms by deputation after deputation of the newly formed National Guard, which he refused, answering through closed gates, according to royal orders. The mob began to gather towards noon, and some shots were fired at the sentries. The drawbridge being lowered to let out a certain elector, Thuriot, who had been advising surrender, a number of citizens rushed in and refused to quit the outer court, whereupon De Launey drew up the drawbridge, making these prisoners, and fired on the mob outside. But those within the gates mounted, on bayonets stuck into the wall, to where the chains could be reached, and a cart-wright named Louis Tournay (an old soldier, too) cut asunder the chains with an axe amid a hail of fire from the garrison. The drawbridge fell, and the mob, now in full insurrection, filled the outer court; cannon (one a state-present of the King of Siam) were procured, and volunteer gunners were freely forthcoming, many being old

soldiers. Firemen came too, and tried to drench the garrison to render their weapons useless; but the force of their pumps was insufficient. Straw fires were lit ineffectually to smoke out the garrison; even women joined in the firing. Now and then a deputation with a flag of truce arrived from the town-hall, quietly ignored always by De Launay. So things went on from one till five o'clock. Then the Swiss Guard at the gate offered to surrender if immunity were granted to all; and being answered favourably, "on the faith of an officer," by one of the gentlemen directing the mob (an ex-soldier), they lowered the inner drawbridge, and the Bastille had fallen. The "faith of an officer" was powerless to restrain the mob from murdering poor De Launay and several more of the garrison; the rest were saved by the Gardes Françaises with difficulty. All during the day the Baron de Besenval lay with a small but choice body of troops on the other side of Paris, but no orders from the court reached him in response to his appeals, and at dusk he marched to Versailles. The king, kept in ignorance of what had occurred, was informed of it late at night by the Duke de Liancourt. "Why, it's a revolt," said poor Louis XVI. "Sire," answered De Liancourt, in a phrase which has become historical, "It is not a revolt, it is a revolution."

Seven prisoners were found in the Bastille, and

were carried in procession through Paris, with seven heads on pikes to match their number, and the keys of the fortress borne aloft. These keys were sent to George Washington by the city of Paris, and the Bastille itself was demolished. Day after day, and even month after month, "patriots" worked at overthrowing the huge structure; and when all was done Paris danced on the site, round a huge "tree of liberty" 60 feet high—one cell being left in a corner of the place as a reminiscence. Its site is marked by a column in the Place de la Bastille.

It may be useful to remark, as this incident is so memorable, that the actual slaughter during the siege was trifling; eighty-three fell amongst the mob, and only *one* soldier of the garrison.

In 1880 the 14th of July was decreed the national feast (Fête Nationale), and is celebrated with illuminations, fireworks, public dancing, open theatres, &c.

I. BASTILLES.

In France all the strong-holds in general may at pleasure be converted into so many Bastilles: there is not one of these ramparts, apparently raised against the enemies of the State, which may not at any juncture of ministerial caprice be made the grave of her children. However, there are only about twenty castles that have this special and fixed destination; as,

the Bastile and Vincennes, at the gates of Paris; Pierre en Cise, at Lyons; the Isles Ste Marguerite, in Provence; the Mont St Michel, in Normandy; the Chateau de Taureau in Brittany; that of Saumur, in Anjou; that of Ham, in Picardy, &c. &c. &c. And all these are filled with Prisoners of State; in all of them the regimen of the Bastile is followed; and all of them have their Suttling Governors,* Turn keys of the Etat-Major, Garrisons, Engineers, &c.

The consideration of this enormous expense has given some Ministers, (amongst others, Mr Necker, as it is said) a faint inclination to a reform: if this should ever be effected, it would be very shameful that it had no other motive. A few days ago, on this occasion, one of the youngest, and most eloquent Orators in England, said with indignation, "Suppress the Bastille through Economy!"

II. AN ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.

There is an anecdote in the Memoirs of Sully, little attended to perhaps by most readers, which this name brings to my mind, and to which I cannot refuse a place here.

Henry the Fourth, in spite of his old age and his virtues, had, in his latter days, given way to a passion equally shameful and ridiculous: he was in love with the Princess of Condé, his nephew's wife. He had married her to him, in hopes that being young, silent

* See Part II.

pated, and avaricious, he might possibly by pleasures, and by money, be blinded to his wife's conduct. No such thing: the young Prince wanted neither to amuse, nor enrich himself: he took his wife to Brussels, without saying a word of it to any body.

This flight could not but be approved by all people of probity; in the Council of the King, it was treated as an Affair of State. All the Ministers, first one, and then another, gave their opinions gravely on the means of bringing back to the arms of the King, with all possible haste, a Mistress whom the disobliging Husband had dared to take away from him. Some of them declared for war; and when it came to the turn of the Duc de Sully, he began his opinion in these words: "If you had left the matter to me three months ago, I would have had your man in the Bastille, or I'd have answer'd for it at my peril." †

It was in full Council that this language was held! he who held it was one of the most virtuous Ministers that France ever had; he against whom it was held, was a Prince of the Blood; and the crime of this Prince of the Blood, adjudged worthy of the Bastille, was that of having a pretty wife, and not choosing that she should be the mistress of his uncle.

Readers, reflect!

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† I quote from memory: I may be mistaken in a word or two; but I am sure I am not mistaken on the fact, nor in the phrase.

III. RENNEVILLE'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH INQUISITION.

I do not place in the class of Memoirs to be consulted on the detail of this Trophonius's cave, a certain history of the French Inquisition, written by Constantine de Renneville. This book, now become scarce, and dear on account of its scarcity, contains nothing interesting, or even true, but the title. It is a medley of disgusting nonsense, and absurd fables.

We read there, for instance, that a prisoner having been shut up in the subterranean dungeons of one of the towers, tore up with his hands so many of the foundation-stones, that he made the tower shake; and that the affrighted Governor was forced to lodge this new Samson in the most superb apartment of the castle, in order to prevent its fall. The author of this tale did not know, then, that the walls of the Bastille, even in their thinnest parts, are at least twelve feet thick, and in others, even thirty, forty, or fifty; that they are of the finest freestone, and consequently as solid as the hearts of the keepers are relentless.

Besides, Renneville speaks only of the tortures inflicted on the body. It is true, that these are not spared in this place, where every method of rendering existence insupportable is put in practice: but it is not on this resource that the interrogators of the order of St. Louis, who are charged with the barbarous office, place their chief dependence: it is the soul that they torture; and that is infinitely more ingenious.

IV. SWORD V. GOWN.

This officer is the Lieutenant General of the Police. He is the real administrator of the Bastille, the Governor in chief of that castle: it is through him that all orders pass: he has no superior in that district, but the direct Minister for the department of Paris.

This association of the Robe with the Sword, of a Magistrate with armed Mercenaries, for the purpose of completing an oppression which the Laws proscribe, and which the Robe, which the Magistracy profess to hold in abhorrence, is an inconsistency, of which no instance is to be found but in France. Nor is it to alleviate this oppression that the administration of it is confided to a Master of the Requests: it is to render it in a manner legitimate, or however legal if it were possible.

The troops of the general Farm, the Soldiers of the Finance, in France have a right to perform civil and judicial acts; to draw up verbal processes; to make those whom they arrest, and whom they search, undergo necessary interrogatories. The troops of the King, the military of the Nation, have not this right. As it is these who guard the Bastille, it was necessary to join with them one who was invested with it, in order to proceed to what is there called Verbal process, or Interrogatories, when they deign to amuse themselves with these formalities. This is the employment

of the Lieutenant of the Police, and the occasion of the power with which he has been endued.

What is pleasant enough, if any thing relative to the Bastille can be so, what is a farther proof of the consistency of French ideas, is, that the robe, which here gives him a title of superiority, excludes every other magistrate from it. The Chancellor himself would not be admitted at the Bastille, unless indeed he were sent there as a prisoner. When the Parliament (which is sometimes the case, being another consequence of the same judicious principle) accepts Commissions in order to give judgment on prisoners lodged in the Bastille, the Judges are not allowed to enter the castle : it is at the gate that they hold their session, and that the culprit, or rather the victim, is brought out to them : witness M. de Lally, &c. So that these superior Magistrates, so proud, and so despotic, have not even the right to inspect those places where a subaltern exercises an unbounded authority.

What finally reconciles every kind of contradiction, and surpasses all idea, is, that the acts passed by this Magistrate, expressly called in, expressly instituted, to give them an appearance of legality, are formally renounced and proscribed by the Tribunals of which he continues to be a member ; and that as often as they are presened to them. They condemn, as illegal and tyrannical, in the King's name, on his behalf, and in words they make him speak, those very proceedings

which have been carried on in the King's name, on his behalf, and in words he is made to speak, by one of their fraternity at the Bastille; and even the same man sitting at the Chatelet as Lieutenant of Police, in the Parliament as Master of Requests, shall reject with horror, and declare criminal, on the morrow, the very pieces which, in quality of King's Commissary, he shall have extorted at the Faubourg St. Antoine, at Vincennes, &c., and authenticated with his own signature, the day before.

These absurdities render the French Legislation ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners; but unhappily they render it much more oppressive to the natives.

V. THE CROSS OF ST. LOUIS.

All the officers of the Etat Major at the Bastille have the Cross of St. Louis. Even those who have never served, as the present Governor, or who have served under a title which does not confer a right to it, as the present Major, have it by honorary grant, apparently made in order to give them a more respectable exterior.

After all, there is nothing astonishing in this. That order, so long respectable and respected, is now conferred even on Exempts of the Police. This shameful illustration of the most cowardly service that despotism has ever exacted, is to be imputed to M. de Sartines. If the justification of it be taken up on the ground of the occasional utility of those employments,

it would be necessary then to render it common to the ordinary Jailors, and to the Hangmen: for in short they are also useful men; and certainly, in the eyes of reason are infinitely above their comrades of the Bastille: they ought to be much less ignominious in the public opinion.

They are only the ministers of an indispensible severity: they are officers, and necessary officers, of a lawful power: they may sometimes execute unjust orders; but they act constantly in obedience to justice and the laws. They are certain that the unfortunate being who is delivered to them, either has had, or will have, the means of defending himself: they are sure, or at least must believe, that an equitable and impartial enquiry has preceded the rigorous decision under which they act. They are authorized to think that none but the guilty, or at least men justly suspected, have ever been the objects of them.

But an Exempt of the Police, an officer of the Bastille, are sure of exactly the contrary: they know that they are violating the laws, and that their special destination is to violate them: they know that three fourths of the victims given to them to crucify are innocent; that if there had been any well-grounded pretext for judicially loading them with chains, the more concise method, by *Lettre-de-cachet*, would not be adopted: they know, in short, were it not for the bayonets which surrounded them, that their process is ready made in the rituals of the Courts of Justice, as

well as in the heart of every citizen; and that an ignominious punishment would be the just reward of their infamous compliance.

They know it! and they give themselves up the willing instruments of these outrages, these *Lettres-de-cachet*! The hungry Exempt counts upon his fingers the number of *Louis-d'ors* with which every new prisoner will give him a pretence for swelling his bills; the Jail-Commandant calculates how many Crowns he will bring to his kitchen; and both of them find the capture so much the better, as it becomes more lucrative to them.

Surely neither the regular executioner, nor his valets, carry the degradation of avarice, and the forgetfulness of every kind of shame, as well as remorse, to such an extreme degree.

Judging then rationally, and submitting prejudice to reflection, I ask which of these two men must appear more odious in the eyes of society? Which of the two deserves the greater share of contempt and reproach?

VI. THE COUNT DE VERGENNES.

See my Letter to this Minister, printed in 1777. I have not mentioned this letter, nor the noise it has made, as one of the causes of my imprisonment, because it would be accusing the Count de Vergennes point-blank of an imposture, of an hypocrisy, too directly contrary to the virtue, the frankness, of which

he makes profession: but it is very true, however, that after I had had the confident simplicity to repass the sea upon his parole, some of my intelligent friends constantly forwarned me of what happened to me on the 27th of September, 1780: they were incessantly repeating to me, that sooner or later the Count de Vergennes would contrive to reconcile the pleasure of revenge with the glory of having appeared to pardon. Ought the conformity between their predictions and the event to preponderate against the confidence inspired by the Virtues of the Count de Vergennes?

VII. PERSONAL.

To reveal the object of this sacrifice, would be to destroy the merit of it. I might be allowed, perhaps, and it might interest my pride and my revenge, to revoke my word, as the Ministers of France have violated theirs: but I have not the honour of being a Minister. An oath tyrannically and unjustly extorted is never binding; a promise voluntarily made must always bind.

VIII. ARREST OF LINGUET.

It was in broad day-light, at high noon, in the most public street, the greatest thoroughfare of Paris, that I was arrested, before the eyes of ten thousand people brought together in an instant; I might say convoked. My coachman, my footman, or rather those of the Sieur Le Quesne, and consequently of the

Police, did not conceal my name from any body. The malignity of this affectation will be felt by those who consider, that on the most serious, nay, the most urgent occasions, it is always an hour of darkness, and secrecy, that is chosen for those violent proceedings: but the ministry, who were seeking vengeance in this, who knew that there was no advantage to be drawn from it, beside the opprobium and cruelty with which my imprisonment might be accompanied, were resolved to make me drink off the bitter potion, even to its very dregs.

It must be added, that the Lieutenant of the Police, to whom, according to my usual circumspection and frankness, I had paid my first visit, every time I went to Paris, since 1777, had appointed me to be at his house on that day, at nine in the evening. We were to have talked of the LXXIst Number of the Annals, which was not yet distributed. This was the very day on which he caused me to be arrested at noon, with the disgrace which has been just now seen. And after that, they kept me twenty months in impenetrable secrecy; and they made the consequence of this outrage as mysterious as the outrage itself was notorious! What was the object of this? Is it necessary to ask? The openness of the arrest furnished occassion to say, and the mysteriousness of its consequences to believe, every thing against me.

IX. M. DE LA GREZE.

It is not the Count d'Adhemar, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of France and Brussels, that is here alluded to. I can suppose that a man of condition, who had never had cause to be dissatisfied with me, would on this occasion have supported the dignity of his character, and felt how ill it would become him to associate with the Familiars of the Police of Paris, in order to consummate so unjust, and so odious, a system of plunder.

But he was absent: the affair was in the hands of a man named La Greze, who is sometimes his steward, sometimes his secretary, &c. and sometimes his representative; a man whose equivocal birth is his least defect, and whose original occupation could not naturally have led him to figure in the Diplomatic Corps.

This strange Minister found in the Exempt of the, Police of Paris, and in his deputy, two worthy colleagues. He seconded them with all his might, and so much the more easily, as he had it in his power, at least in the first moments, to cover his treacheries under the guise of kindness and friendly zeal. He had, I confess, surprised my confidence: I had not refused it to a man who seemed to have the honour of possessing that of the Government of my Country. He was with me every day, and all the day

At the instant of the disaster, he was the counsellor

preferred by the Person, who, sharing it with me, had the further misfortune of being obliged to labour in taking precautions to diminish it.

It may not be impertinent to insert, on this occasion, an anecdote pleasant enough at this hour, but which was not so then.

A principal object was, to save my papers. Not that any thing criminal could have been found in them: but it was my fortune, and more than my fortune. Besides, they contained many important secrets which did not belong to me: the confidence of many worthy people having followed me in my retreat, notwithstanding my absolute renunciation of the Bar; the repose and honour of several families depended on the preservation of my cabinet.

La Greze being consulted, thought the best expedient was to throw the most valuable of the papers into the imperial of my carriage, to convey them to a country-house which I had at three leagues from Brussels, and to bury the whole there in the hay with which the lofts were filled: he assisted in disguise, at midnight, at the execution of his own project, constantly repeating that he was risking his place, and his fortune to render me this service: he worked himself: he saw the imperial loaded: he was confident that the carriage would depart at the opening of the gates; and was continually swearing, in a tone easily penetrated, that, as he was the sole confident of this deposit, he would be impenetrable.

The carriage did indeed arrive in the country at seven o'clock in the morning. At eight, the Exempt of the Parisian Police was in my granary: he unhooked the imperial: he broke the padlock: he found there—what? A quantity of straw!

The extreme plausibility affected by La Greze in his oaths, had betrayed him: and advantage was taken of the moment when he was gone to supper, or rather to inform the Exempt, to make the exchange.

The story is pleasant; but the perfidy was frightful. The following is, if possible, still more atrocious.

In saving such of my papers as were judged the most important, a sufficient quantity had been left in the house, to give colour to a denial that there were any others. The Police of Brussels had seized on this booty, whilst the Parisian Agent was in pursuit of one more valuable. He and his accomplice La Greze, disconcerted by the precaution I have just related, thought to indemnify themselves by getting possession of what remained at Brussels. They found resistance in the laws of the Country. They wished for a power from me. Le Quesne, being called to their aid, had indeed one to produce; but it was old: it had no relation to the event of the moment, nor to its consequences. The Magistrates of Brussels refused to acknowledge it; and my friends yet more strenuously.

It was absolutely necessary to apply to me for a new one: for the itch of coming at my papers was very pressing; and they flattered themselves that under

this title they should bring back even those that had slipped through the net of La Greze. It was demanded of me; I refused it point blank. They conjectured my reason. What did they do?

The Sieur La Greze wrote to the Lieutenant of the Police of Paris, that the justice of Brussels had seized all my effects; that one part was already sold, and confiscated, by virtue of the Joyous Entry; * that the rest would soon undergo the same fate; and the only means of saving it was a power from me, wherewith to oppose these devouring operations. In that place, where nothing is shown, they showed me this letter; they suffered me to drench myself with the gall which it carried to my soul; and they presented me a notary as a comforter.

It was very necessary to obey, where I thought it would be useless to resist. I wished however to limit the procuration thus wrenched from me: they made use of violence to oblige me to sign it as it was.

On my arrival at Brussels I found that the letter of the Sieur La Greze was false in every particular. Nothing had been confiscated: quite the contrary: his accomplices, and their representatives, had alone been concerned in the pillage. The sight of my procuration at Brussels caused deep concern; and though they were unacquainted with the artifices by which

* It was not mine into the Bastille, that he spoke of, as will be easily conceived. The Joyeuse entree is a particular right of the Sovereigns of Brabant.

it was obtained, they had fortunately made no concessions in consequence of it, except with regard to the articles the least essential to me ; my money, for instance, and those papers of which the surrender gave me no uneasiness.

X. AN EXEMPT OF THE POLICE OF PARIS.

To add to this picture of treacheries and meannesses, it is proper to observe, that this Exempt is one of those whom, in my short aud tempestuous career at the Bar, I had rescued from an ill-grounded but virulent persecution. He was chosen, or rather he had offered himself not to serve me ; but because, the obligations he had to me being known, and having himself always assumed the exterior of gratitude, he was more proper than another to surprise the credulity of those, whose intelligence, and attachment to me, were to be dreaded.

NOTE XI.

This deputy was no other than the Sieur Le Quesne. See the particulars of that inconceivable treachery in the *Avis aux Souscripteurs*, which precedes No. LXXII. of the Annals.

NOTE XII.

The Sieur La Greze caused near 500 livres to be paid him, by Le Quesne, at my expence, for his good offices. The latter, bringing this article into

account against me, informed me that he had paid it by superior orders.

XIII. XVIIITH. CENTURY SCIENCE.

It will be recollected perhaps that the object of it was to transmit intelligence to the remotest distance, of what kind, or what length soever the dispatches might be, with a rapidity almost equal to that of the imagination.

The only well-grounded objection which has been made to it, is that this aërial post may be interrupted by fogs and snow. This I confess: but the snow continues only for some hours in the year; the fogs only some days, at least on the Continent. A river overflown, a bridge broken down, or the fall of a horse, may equally retard for some moments, the ordinary communications.

I will one day make known my ideas on this subject. The invention will certainly admit of being greatly improved, as I have no doubt it will be. I am persuaded that in time it will become the most useful instrument of commerce, and all correspondence of that kind; as Electricity will be the most powerful agent of medicine; and as the Fire-pump will be the principle of all mechanic processes which require, or are to communicate, great force.

XIV. PERSONAL.

"Provided!"!—I am obliged to insist on this

restriction. The freedom had been taken of circulating a report, that I had promised indiscriminately not to write any more; that this condition had been the price of my liberty. That is not true. The truth is, that, being exhausted by this perpetual struggle, this unequal conflict, where, without any weapons but reason and justice, I had continually encounters with men armed with power and intrigue, I no longer aspired to any thing but a peaceable obscurity. Yet once more; though I was very far from expecting to see two years imprisonment in the Bastille succeeded by an unlimited exile, I should have patiently awaited at Rethel the issue of this new caprice, I should have tried in good earnest to keep silence, or at least to suffer myself to be forgotten, if they had not presumed to require of me an equal indifference for my civil, as for my literary existence. It is with much regret, but most assuredly without any remorse, that I have again entered on my painful career.

XV. REFUSAL TO ALLOW A WILL TO BE MADE.

I have suppressed many things, of which the recital would not be so striking at this instant, as they must have seemed grievous to me at the time. The juncture is of some moment, even in affliction: a blow which does not affect a man in health, becomes insupportable, and may prove mortal, if it falls on a limb already broken. But I cannot forbear to insist on the refusal, persevered in to the last, of permitt-

ing me to make my will by the means of a public officer.

If the motive to it was not the most cruel caprice that any Minister was ever licentious enough to give into, its object was a prevarication yet more base: they meant, then, by rendering me incapable of disposing of the remains of my fortune, to favour Le Quesne, who had the whole in his possession: they intended, if I had died, to spare him the necessity of accounting to my family for more than just what he should have thought proper; and thus to pay for his treacheries, not only at my expence, but at that of my heirs likewise. Having given me no account; having in his hands all my vouchers, all my effects, without exception; being assured, by his connections with the Police, &c. that a will written with my own hand would never go out of my sepulchre without his consent; he must certainly have opposed every notarial act, of which it would be more difficult to control the dispositions, or obliterate the traces.

From which of these two causes did the refusal of the testament arise? I do not know: perhaps they both conduced; but, supposing only one of them, have I not been justified in saying that the refusal was unexampled even in the history of the crimes of the Bastille?

XVI. PERSONAL.

Perhaps nothing short of this last misfortune could have cured me of my extravagant Patriotism:

the caustic was violent ; but the cure, however, is radical.

Now, that I can laugh, I have been entertained by a simple reflection, which on this occasion escaped a man who acts an important part in the Ministry. When my retreat to London, and my design of publishing these Memoirs, were mentioned to him ; But, says he, he means then to shut the gates of France against himself for ever ! But—have these Gentlemen then some more *Lettres-de-cachet* to dispose of ; and would they be very solicitous to honour me with the preference ?

XVII. LINGUET'S ANSWER.

It is by chance that I have kept a copy of this answer. I must yield to the inclination of giving here at least the conclusion of it. After having particularised, in an affecting manner, the causes that had extorted that letter from me, I added : "He hopes the King will vouchsafe to consider it as a private affair ; an affair quite secret, unknown..... that this letter was to be looked upon only as the result of a first emotion, which the laws no where subject to punishment, and for which humanity itself makes allowances ; that, in short, in what light soever it is viewed, it ought not to efface the remembrance of those services, which the respondent has all his lifetime assiduously endeavoured to render, to the many individuals whom he has defended and saved in

the courts of justice; to the public, whom he has laboured to enlighten by his writings; to religion, to the laws, to morality, which he has always scrupulously respected: nor of that delicacy which led him to sacrifice, on the first approach of the rupture, an establishment already formed in England, in order to be nearer to France; nor of the firmness with which he has every where diffused the praises, and espoused the interests of his Prince and his Country, even in the midst of their enemies, as his Annals particularly evince; nor of the design which he has always entertained, and announced, of returning to France, of settling there, of carrying thither his fortune, and of living subject to the laws of the Sovereign under whom Providence had placed him; a design which was one of the principal objects of the present journey, and but for which he should not have fallen into the misfortune he at present labours under.

"One word more, and he will have done. In thus pointing out the considerations which may extenuate his fault, he does not presume, however, wholly to excuse it: he wishes only to offer to the King's clemency some motives for shortening the punishment, and to M. de Duras's generosity, for soliciting the forgiveness of it."

After this answer, I heard not a word more said of it. I only learnt on my enlargement, that it had been matter of pleasantry for the people in office under the Count de Vergennes. Amongst others, the Sieur

Moreau, one of his favorite secretaries, reading it to his friends, gave himself airs at the conclusion, saying, "Hah! hah! he is now playing the Sycophant."

O Louis! just and beneficent Prince, is it thus then that the mercenary agents of those Ministers who deceive you, add insults to the afflictions of your subjects whom they oppress! Is it thus that they dare burlesque the respectful returns of confidence in, and submission to you! Is it thus that an offence, of which twenty months' barbarity has been the fruit, is recognised and examined?

XVIII. ARE THESE COPIES IN CIRCULATION?

I was assured, after my enlargement, that pretended copies of this letter were in circulation. I here declare, that there is not possibly a single copy of it extant. It cannot be imagined that the Lieutenant of the Police has given it up to public curiosity. Most certainly the Marshal de Duras will no more expose it in future, than he has done already. And the hands by which my papers were withdrawn from the eager researches of his avengers, have had the same discretion. Thus this little secret is one of those on which public malignity will never be satisfied.

XIX. THE CASE OF M. DE LALLY.

To be acquainted with this personage, the reader may consult the 8th and 9th volumes of the Annals, particularly the 9th, at the 217th and follow-

ing pages. Few lawsuits have been more atrocious, and none, even in France, has been more unaccountable, in its circumstances and its consequences, than the whole process of M. de Lally. The Parliament of Paris, after having had the inconsistent meanness to accept a commission to judge him, and the horrid barbarity to punish him, by a sentence of death, for some sallies of passion, excusable perhaps in every point of view, for some extravagancies which the very sentence dared not to denominate a crime, has had at once the meanness and the cruelty clandestinely to thwart a son in his petition to take off the stigma from his father's memory.

The Parliament of Rouen, appointed to revise a sentence already acknowledged irregular in point of form, already annulled in consequence, and demonstrated to be at least as unjust in its form, did not, indeed, so far prevaricate as to dare to confirm it; but, in order to elude the necessity of deciding between justice, and a body of men of their own order, they chose rather to violate one of the most solemn regulations in the French practice, and to admit an interposition equally strange in its circumstances and absurd in itself, as insupportable in jurisprudence! whence result new contentions, new questions, a new reference to another Parliament, that of Dijon, where M. de Lally will have to combat the same prejudices the same deference for the spirit of party, and the same animosities.

It cannot be too often repeated, that the rest of the universe affords no parallel instances; they are not admitted, they cannot be admitted, any where but in France.

Sic vivitur illic.

But they have also there the Comic Opera, the Grand Opera, the Boulevards, the Elys'an Fields, the Mercury, &c. &c. &c.

XX. ENGLISH FREEDOM.

This remark is no less true than singular; and it alludes to an anecdote yet more extraordinary, if possible, than all that has preceded, but which I suppress for two reasons: 1st, Through respect to an august name, which must otherwise be brought forward; 2nd, Because it is more curious, more poignant, than useful. The only thing it would prove, is the superiority which the influence of an atmosphere purified by Liberty, such as that of Great Britain, gives even to individuals, over the foulness of Despotism, which corrupts and enervates almost equally its agents, and its victims. Nor does this want demonstration.

XXI. AN EXPLANATION.

I am exceedingly concerned to keep the Marshal de Duras so long on a stage where he does not cut a very honourable figure: but, once more, it

is not my fault. To reduce me to eternal silence, he had only to have been generous for a single moment.

XXII. THE TOWER OF LONDON AND THE BASTILLE.

In placing the tower of London as a parallel to the Bastille, it would be unjust and even criminal, not to remark, that between these two prisons there is more intrinsic difference than outward resemblance. The Governors of the Tower, and the garrison employed to execute their orders, are subject to the authority of the Parliament, like other subjects. A prisoner, finding himself ill treated by them, has a thousand means of carrying his complaints to the superior powers, or to his friends and relations, who are interested in supporting them. There the prisoner is certain of a fair and public trial. He has Attorney, Counsel; every thing, which he must endeavour to prove, or to confute, is communicated to him in the most ample manner. The accusation of an offence against the State, marks only the prison to which he is to be consigned, but makes no alteration whatever in the process by which his fate is to be decided. Finally, in the very delays and severities that may accompany it, there is never the least shadow of doubt, not only concerning his existence; but even with regard to the state of his health, or the place of his confinement. Is that the Bastille?

XXIII. STATE PRISONS.

Here perhaps some caviller, or some member of Administration, may charge me with Hyperbole: perhaps they may pretend to affirm, that there are few countries, where there is not a prison equivalent to the Bastille, in which the customs may be more shocking, and the abuses more flagrant. By such a comparison may they attempt to justify, in an indirect manner, that abominable regimen, which every honest mind must revolt at, and which the most steady partisans of despotism could never defend but by a similiar subterfuge.

But let us deprive them of this resource. I allow, that in almost every country the good of the public has frequently justified the exercise of extraordinary rigour; but it is not true that, in any country, the laws, or even immemorial custom, have consecrated any thing to be put in competition with the regimen of the Bastille. Whatever repugnance I may feel in handling this disagreeable subject, with whatever disgust the idea of prolonging the consideration of it may inspire me, let us search the annals of tyranny: let us over-run the globe, and seek, in the history of the enormities of arbitrary power, for a parallel to the institution of the Castle which hangs, a disgraceful monument, over the street of St. Anthony in Paris.

We read, for instance, that Dionysius the Elder had one in his palace at Syracuse: he had even, as history

informs us, practised a refinement, which, we have cause to wonder, has not been adopted by some of the subaltern tyrants, who have followed his steps with so much success in bringing to perfection the regimen of the Bastille. The vaults of the dungeons were undulated with such art, that every thing which was uttered resounded, and was heard distinctly in a closet, that served as a receptacle for these accumulated sounds. This was the observatory, or, if you will have it, the confession-box, where the Tyrant took post to intercept the secret conversation of the prisoners: and this curious cabinet was called the Ear.

Nevertheless this Ear could not have been always faithful in its report: for they relate, that a Philosopher having been committed there by a *Lettre-de-cachet*, and afterward released, the Tyrant asked him, how the prisoners employed their time in it? "In wishing for thy death," replied his captive, with more sincerity than discretion. That was a secret, then, which the Ear had not revealed, and of which the consequence was, if we are still to believe the story, another *Lettre-de-cachet*, ordering the execution of all the prisoners.

But however it may be with this latter circumstance, as the Ear was constructed to betray the conversation of the prisoners, it follows, that they were allowed to converse; that they had an intercourse with each other: they were not abandoned to total solitude: it was not, then, as it is in the Bastille.

Among the Romans there was neither Ear, nor Bastille. In the time of the Republic a Citizen, though guilty, could not be arrested till after his condemnation; and this was usually prevented by a voluntary exile: still less reason, therefore, had innocence to dread these arbitrary dungeons.

Under the Emperors, Rome was not exempt from assassinations, sanctified by the authority of the sovereign power: but these sacrifices were made in the houses of the victims. The *Lettre-de-cachet* countersigned Sejanus, Narcissus, Tigellinus, &c. which commanded the execution, was notified by a Tribune, or a Centurion at the head of a party of Soldiers. The military in every part of the world, like the dogs who tear and devour the game, are the persons charged with this honourable office.

At sight of the Ministerial Mandate, some took poison; others had recourse to the poignard; and others again caused their veins to be opened. The Soldiers surrounded the house till the business was over; and then went quietly to their barracks, as if they had come from mounting a guard.

Some persons will not fail to exclaim, that this is worse still than the Bastille.

But without pronouncing a positive judgment on this subject, it is at least certain, that they did not envy those whose existence they were anxious to exterminate, the consolation of making their will, before they should quit it.

Under the worst Princes we find that those guilty, or rather accused of offences against the State, were subjected only to a disagreeable constraint; not to a horrid captivity. They fastened one of their hands to that of a Soldier, and thus prevented them from quitting one another. Such an association certainly could not be very agreeable; but it neither hindered Agrippa from sleeping quietly in his own house under Tiberius, nor St. Paul from preaching publickly under Nero. Was that the confinement of a Bastille?

The only Species of State Prison, constantly kept up in antient Rome, was what was called the Transportation. These were certain little islands, which they peopled with persons suspected by the Court. From these they were forbid to emigrate, on pain of death. I confess, that such warrants cannot on any principle be justified; yet still the unfortunate persons, thus disfranchised, were allowed the enjoyments of light and air; they were allowed a part of their income; they were permitted to take some of their servants along with them; they corresponded with their friends: in fine, if they became so weary of their situation, as to prefer a total dereliction of their country, they had in their power to escape, and they frequently did so. One may perceive, that this still falls short of the Bastille.

The history of the Lower Empire being far from exact, it is impossible to trace in detail the use made of *Lettres-de-cachet*.

In the Greek empire, the Secretaries of State and their deputies soon discovered the advantage of depriving of the light those persons, whom they thought at the same time deserving of their attention and their resentment : but they never thought of these caves, hollowed in walls twenty or thirty feet thick : they made directly to the eyes themselves, instead of striving to render them useless : they tore them out, or burnt them with rods or plates of heated metal ; sometimes, they scalded them with boiling vinegar : and all by virtue of a *Lettre-de-cachet.*

These State Criminals were blinded, I confess : but the despotic mandate, by which they were devoted to such martyrdom, was not founded on the Laws of the State : there was no Minister particularly appointed to the department of blinding. The Lieutenant of the Police of Constantinople was not, by an express brevet, created Imperial Commissary for the application of boiling vinegar, or for administering these burning patents.

In modern Constantinople, that scandal of our pretended philosophy, and of our boasted humanity, there is a fortress, which seems to bear some affinity to the Bastille. I mean the Prison of the Seven Towers, which our travellers call a State Prison ; but which, by their very relations, we may perceive, is rather a magazine than a prison. They seldom confine in it any but the Ambassadors of the Christian Powers, who break with them ; and there they not only see

whom they please, but are even served by their own domestics.

Slaves, whose ransoms are stipulated, but not paid, are sometimes obliged to await there the completion of the bargain: and it is then no less an asylum to them than a security to their Masters. Living at their ease, well fed, and often visited, it is rather an anticipation of liberty which they enjoy, than a captivity which they suffer.

In Persia, during the time of her glory and prosperity, that is to say, till the civil wars, by which she has within half a century been depopulated, these sources of Ministerial vengeance not only were equally unknown; but the ordinary justice had found means to spare persons accused, and even presumed guilty, the humillation and horror of a dungeon. Their prisons were moveable. The man whom it was necessary for the preservation of the public tranquillity to secure, lost no more of his liberty than was requisite to prevent his withdrawing himself from punishment, and from committing any new offences. With an ingenuity that partook more of compassion than severity, they had invented a kind of portable wooden triangle, called the Cango; which, fixed round his neck, and inclosing one of his hands, could neither be concealed, nor taken off; and yet did not prevent him from discharging his ordinary functions. Carrying about with him, thus, a guard of little expense, he still retained the enjoyment of light and lite; the power of regulating his affairs,

and the means of vindicating his innocence; without ceasing to be in the hands of the civil power charged with the verification of it.

We are told of bloody executions ordered, or perpetrated, by drunken Monarchs: but these horrors were confined to the Harems; and the institution alone of the Cango proves, that the general spirit of the nation, without excepting that of the Government, was tempered no less with mildness than equity.

It is the same in the Empire of the Mogul, in India, China, and Japan. In this last country, from which our own restlessness has justly expelled us, we are assured, by the relations of those who have visited it, that the manners are savage, and the punishments equally prompt and cruel. It may be so: but, at any rate, the celerity will compensate for the barbarity of an execution. They are there ignorant of those long detentions which eternise the most horrid of all torments, the despair produced by the uncertainty of the term to one's miseries.

The man whom they disembowel, whom they precipitate on tenter-hooks, whom they cut in ten thousand pieces, whom they pound alive in a mortar; if it be true, that those exquisite tortures are common; this man, I say, has been tried; he has had an opportunity of defence, of justification; it is by the Magistrate, by the Laws, and not by caprice, that he is devoted.

In all Asia, we cannot find a regular State Prison,

established on the fundamental principles of Government, except in Ceylon. "There," says a traveller, "the King has a number of prisoners, who are chained, some in the ordinary prisons, others in custody of the Nobles. No one dares to enquire their offence, or the time they have been confined: they are kept thus for five or six years; and whenever they are imprisoned, it is by the King's order."

This is indeed somewhat like the Bastille: the State Mysteries of Ceylon resemble a little those of the street St. Antoine. But observe that we hear nothing of dungeons specially appointed to swallow up those wretches, whose crimes and whose catastrophe are so imperiously consigned to silence and darkness: they are either shut up in the ordinary prisons, or entrusted to the custody of the Nobles.

In America there are many other kinds of oppression; and in Africa likewise: but they know nothing of this. The Indians in the new world are trampled on by merciless tyrants, who are themselves debased by superstition: part of the African coast is subject to an arbitrary government, which has the evils and abuses alone of that which prevails in Asia.

Is it in Europe then alone that these dreadful scourges are to be dreaded? and in what parts of Europe are we to dread them? We know it is not in Great Britain.

In Germany, the Princes are in general pretty despotic, in the usual acceptation of the word; that is

to say, there is no barrier to obstruct the exertion or abuse of their authority: notwithstanding, they have no Bastille, nor any equivalent.

In Denmark, I do not find that Kings, or their Ministers, have been tempted to keep any, since the times of the abominable Christiern.

Lastly, in Russia, where, of all the countries in the world, their ancient manners would seem to be the most compatible with a Bastille and its appurtenances, a contrary system has been adopted. *Lettres-de-cachet* are there indeed in all their vigour; but the consequences are extremely different: a province is there become a Prison of State.

In Spain, I believe there are two or three Towers used by the Ministry as springs of government, and necessary engines of the State: yet have they been hitherto but thinly peopled, on account of their rival prisons of the Inquisition.

In Italy, as in Germany. Nevertheless, there exist at Rome, and at Venice, undoubted marks of arbitrary power; in the one a castle, and in the other a tribunal, both of which are equally scandals to justice, and arms ever ready for the grasp of despotism. Yet the multitude of strangers, who are perpetually visiting those celebrated cities, proves that the use is not so frequent, as the outward shew is dreadful. When an Englishman or a Hamburger embark for Rome, to hear oratorios, and gaze at St. Peter's, or to dance at a masquerade in Venice,

their friends do not anxiously conjure them to beware of the Castle of Adrian, or of the Inquisition of State. But there is no stranger going to France, who is not cautioned to beware of the Bastille.

Thus, both according to fact and opinion, the Bastille stands alone, an unrivalled monument.

XXIV. MR. NECKER.

I do not here pretend to reflect on the operations of Mr. Necker. I have indeed had much reason to complain of him; and also of his Wife, who was still more of a Minister than he was: but these private prejudices should not influence the judgment of an impartial writer, when he adverts to the public conduct of a man entrusted with power.

NOTE XXV.

They soon however, granted me permission to write.

NOTE XXVII.

Cadastre = Tariff.

XXVIII. THE GOVERNOR.

The Governor obtained the survivorship in the time of the Count de Jumilhac; but this gentleman exacted, as a condition of his accepting a co-adjutor, the sum of an hundred thousand crowns, (which were paid to him) and his son's marriage with Mr. De Launay's daughter, thought a rich heiress; which took place accordingly.

But notwithstanding this compact, Mr. De Launay, being a man neither of family, nor connexions, having

neither services to plead, nor interest to recommend him, might have met with a refusal, if he had not been so fortunate as to have a brother in the service of the Prince of Conti. This brother prevailed on the Prince to make interest with the Minister, whose clerks expedited their patents signed Amelot ; and to recompense the zeal of the younger, the happy elder brother secured him a pension of ten thousand livres a year on the revenues of his place.

This bargain is well known in the Bastille ; there is not a scullion but is informed of it. But why should it afford matter for scandal ? Every officer there lies under the same predicament. The employment of King's Lieutenant is worth about 8000 livres per annum : the present possessor gave his predecessor a sum of money ; the amount I know not : but I know, that he besides gives him a pension of a thousand crowns per annum.

Those of the turn-keys are worth about 900 livres a year. They are usually filled up from some of the Governor's old domestics ; thus are they made executioners, as a reward for length of service : but this reward itself is not gratuitous ; for there is not one, who is not obliged either to pay a premium on accepting the office, or an annual stipend to some person or other.

XXIX. ITALIAN POISONERS.

It is well known, that the crimes of the notorious Brinvilliers, in the last century, originated from the education which her lover had received in the Bastille. An Italian named Exili, whom they had appointed the partner of his cell, was his preceptor.

XXX. M. DE SARTINES.

It is not indeed the clock alone that Mr. Raymond Gualbert de Sartines has so ingeniously constructed. The inscription informs us, that he also planned the building where that machine is placed; a building that comprehends the kitchen, the baths of the Governess, the kennel of the turn-keys, and the rest of the pack, which they call the Etat-major, except the Governor; whose dwelling, as I before observed, is without, though his kitchen and his Lady's baths are within: there are some particulars relating to these baths, not less curious than those concerning the clock.

Whether a Governor's wife bathes here or there appears to be a matter of perfect indifference; and so indeed it should be: but in the Bastille the most trifling circumstance has its consequences, and those consequences are ever afflicting. Her Ladyship's bathing-tub being situated in the interior part of the castle, in order to get to it, she must necessarily cross the court, the only place the prisoners are allowed to walk in. But her lackeys have to carry the water; they must pass in and out; and every time they pass,

the prisoner, who is walking, gets an order to shut himself up in the closet.

Then arrive my Lady's maids: they must carry her Ladyship's linen, napkins, slippers, &c. The consequences would be dreadful, if a captive discovered the most minute of these State-secrets: each importation produces then another closetting.

At length Madam herself arrives: she is of no small weight: her gait is stately, and the place she has to pass through is of tolerable extent. The sentinel, in order to make his court, and to recommend himself for his alacrity, cries out, To the Closet! the moment he perceives her: the ambulating prisoner must fly, and remain in the closet till she has reached her bathing-place; and when she comes out again, her retreat is accompanied with the same formalities. The prisoner must in the same manner await in the closet the passage of the Mistress, the Chamber-maids and the Lackeys.

In my time a sentinel, on one of these occasions, having neglected to throw out the signal for flight, the modern Diana was seen in her deshabille. I was the Actæon of the day: however, I underwent no metamorphosis; but the unlucky Soldier was imprisoned for eight days; of which I could not be ignorant, having myself heard the order given for his confinement.

In other places the baths confer either health or pleasure. A Governess of the Bastille is never seized

with a fit of cleanliness, which does not cause in others several of vexation.

XXXI. PRISONERS' CLOTHING.

We have spoken in the text of the prisoners' food. As to the clothing, the Governor has often boasted to me of his liberality in this particular. I do not think he ever honoured me with a visit, that he did not speak of Breeches, which he generously distributed to his prisoners; for in naming them he always used the possessive term. This is what I myself experienced.

THE END.

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